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## The Spirit of the South.

### *SPEECH OF HON. LAWRENCE M. KEITT, OF SOUTH CAROLINA,*

*Delivered at Lynchburgh, Va., September* 10.

[Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, the colleague of Preston S. Brooks, and his abettor in the assault upon Sumner, addressed a large audience at Lynchburg, Va., on the 10th inst. The following passages are selected from a report of his speech, which is published in the N. Y. *Herald*.]

THE CANING OF ABOLITIONISTS VINDICATED AS A MATTER OF STATE NECESSITY.

A FEW months ago a colleague of mine thought proper to cane an Abolitionist, and what was the result? Why, as one of their Northern members said, the North concluded that he had hit Freedom on the head. From one end of the Northern section to the other there was a wild uprising. You heard that public meetings were held. You saw the result of these public demonstrations. You saw Eastern States coming to the Federal Congress, knocking at our doors and demanding certain action—demanding it in violation of every policy of our Government—in violation of the precedents which have been established in the past. And for what? Because a foul-mouthed Abolitionist, a defamer and slanderer, had been caned (enthusiastic cheers).

I wish to make a single suggestion here. Your Confederacy is an organized Confederacy of sovereign States. Your Congress differs not from an international Congress, save in two respects, which are immaterial so far as the theory is concerned. The one is that your Congress meets annually, and that it has certain specific and prescribed modes of enforcing its decisions. Save in these two respects there is no difference between your Congress and the international Congress which assembled recently in the city of Paris. And suppose, after untold treasures had been squandered in the Crimea, and blood enough had been shed to float Great Britain's proud navy, and that when a peace in which the civilized world was interested was about to be negotiated, Lord Clarendon had opened the conference by a bitter and scandalous attack upon the history of France and the character of Napoleon, what would have been the result? Why, an inevitable rupture of the conference. And what would the civilized world say? Why, without respect to persons, the civilized world would have denounced the slanderer. And what is the difference between his position and that of Mr. Sumner? None whatever. And yet, with this fact patent before you, what have you seen? Why a summoning of the North into conclaves to concert plans against Southern rights. I have stated this, gentlemen, to indicate to you the stubborn, inveterate, obstinate nature of Northern fanaticism.

FIFTEEN STARS TO BE ERASED FROM THE SOUTHERN DEMOCRATIC FLAG.

Gentlemen, there are two modes of accomplishing success in life; one is, winding up words as winds the serpent with slimy track through bush and bramble; the other is like the eagle stooping down upon the loftiest pyramid, from his proud companionship with the sun (loud cheers). Yes, you had two parties, and gallant ones. Where are they now? Eighteen months ago, shrouded in a little village in my own State, I watched the changes of fate and the vicissitude of fortune. My own little experience had taught me to look to two banners, and history taught me that they were consolidated facts. I looked abroad, and what did I see? I saw one torn from its flagstaff, shrouded in black, borne by a funeral band to funeral music, and laid over the grave of the lamented Clay. I saw leaders—men whose brows were bound with laurels by the Whig party—lay that banner over the grave of their gallant leader, and dance a scalp-dance around his coffin.

I saw the old Whig banner, glorious even in defeat, borne bravely in every fight. I saw it laid aside among the dishonoured things of earth, that, too, by its own friends—those, at least, who professed to be its friends. One party had retired from the field (cheers).

There was another banner. It was that banner which we have all known. It was a banner which, in the very inception of your revolutionary movements, had stepped into the field and entered the fight (cheers). Often had it been torn in the fierce struggle. Originally it was swept aside by advancing legions; but, like he who, gathering new strength when he touched his mother earth, this flag had risen up and floated in the field of victory and triumph (loud cheers). This was your Democratic banner (cheers). Men have turned from it; parties have been arrayed against it; leaders have deserted; but, true to the American heart, faithful to the American Constitution, it had never irretrievably gone down, and, God help me, I believe it never will.

There was an opposing flag, an unknown flag, a Pharisaical flag, a flag which, when becalmed, pirates loved—not the old Whig banner—there was a flag against it; it was the flag of a false, foul and treacherous party—the flag of the Black Republicans at the North allied with the Know-Nothings (cheers). Yes, that is a Jacobin flag, a flag from which fifteen Southern States have been erased (cheers). I wish to say now, for I told you that I would say here what I would say at home, that I will accept their issue, and *I will erase fifteen States from their flag*, and God help them, they will have the South prepared to meet them on any and every field (loud cheers). I have heard enough of vaunting and have heard enough of fanaticism. *I have seen quite as much as I want to see of those men who boast and brag until they get into a fight, and then sneak out of it* (cheers).

I have had as much of Massachusetts as I want, except on the battlefield; and when she tells us, as she does through some of her men, that she will aggress upon you and dishonour and whip you into the Union if you attempt to retire from it, I say to her, "In 1812 you forced us into a war; your men stood upon the borders and saw our men cut down, without making an effort to relieve them." Yes, gentlemen, I accept their issue. I say that this Northern party, which is the party in the North—for Fillmore is absolutely nowhere in the fight, as they say in the West—I say this Northern party has made the issue, and, God help me, if the South is not false, she will accept it (cheers). What says this Northern party—when I say this Northern party, I mean the Fremont party, for I ask any Know-Nothing here if he expects that Fillmore will carry a Northern State—is it not the expectation of the Southern Know-Nothings to throw the election into the House of Representatives, where, by some chicanery, Fillmore may be elected?

* * * * * * *

What have they done? They have put forth a false and Pharisaical and fraudulent platform; and in that they correspond to the Know-Nothing party (cheers). The Know-Nothing party have said to you that they sought the restoration of the Missouri Compromise line—in fact, they denounce its repeal in the most bitter language; and what else have the Black Republican party sought? Why, they make no other specific issue. * * * Black Republican fanaticism, in its wild defiance, sweeping the North, has made the restoration of this line the issue. The South has taken up the gauntlet, and meets the Black Republican foe (loud cheers).

ADHERENCE TO THE UNION TREASON TO LIBERTY—THE SOUTHERN MAN WHO WILL SUBMIT TO FREMONT'S ELECTION A TRAITOR AND A COWARD.

We stand now in the death-struggle of freemen. *Where is the Southern man who says the South can stay with the North in this Union, stigmatized, dishonoured, reviled, plundered, degraded?* (Enthusiastic cheers.) Where is the Southern man, with the blood of a freeman in his veins, who would not strike down the foul dominators? (Tremendous cheers, which continued for several minutes.)

I tell you now, that if Fremont is elected adherence to the Union is treason to liberty (loud cheers). I tell you now, *that the Southern man who will submit to his election is a traitor and a coward* (enthusiastic cheers). And yet, with your banners meeting in the battle blast, with flags defiled, with battalions arrayed, with the issues made, with gloves thrown down, where stands Fillmore? The Missouri line is the battle-field. What says the South? Restore that line, intercept our claim to a due participation in the territory won by our blood and treasure, and we will cleave you down or perish in the struggle (loud cheers). Why do you take the same side with the Black Republicans? However you may cover over your issue, it comes to that. The fight is upon the Missouri line, and Fillmore, with the Black Republicans, is in favour of its restoration.

I do not say a word about the Black Republicans. I need not say anything in reference to them; but can any Southern man take part with that foul party, without feeling a pang of horror? They have drawn from your flag the American eagle, and they have put thereon a bird still baser than the vulture—a bird that watches the buzzard till he disgorges his putrid banquet, then going forward, laps it up. And they have gone into the fight with a bastard eagle on their common banner, and Massachusetts as their leader, with a codfish as their armorial bearer (laughter and cheers). And yet that is the party—so far as the South is concerned—that is the party that Fillmore is with (cheers). The South and the North, so far as the Democracy are concerned, stand firm and united against the restoration of this line (cheers)—but the South stands divided through your Know-Nothing organization.

KEITT AGAINST THE UNION—COWARDICE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

When I went to Congress, four years ago, I found there a handful of Abolitionists in both Houses. How stands your Congress now? In the Senate, there are seventeen Abolition Senators, and a majority of Abolitionists in the House of Representatives. In 1850, you made what I believe will prove to be your last fight for the Union. Then the Whig party went down. There is in your history an incident as dramatic as there is in the history of civilization. While the clouds were gathering—while the heavens opened, one of your great men (Calhoun)—he who had flourished a trumpet in your Southern sky—a Southern cross of light—went down. The fight was at its culmination. Clay, and the great compeers of Clay—men who had faced danger and faced it nobly in many struggles—these men, as his bier was passing before them, came forward to fling a wild flower on his coffin (loud and enthusiastic cheering).

Yes, these great leaders of the Whig party, when their giant elder's proud form was deceased before them, came forth to bind their tribute garland around the brow of the dead Jupiter of the Senate (enthusiastic cheers). But while they did that, they announced indirectly the dismemberment and dissolution of the Whig party—whilst upon his heels, pressing fast after him, came these great men; they told you the Whig party was dismembered, dissolved, decomposed (loud cheers). Abolitionism then arose. Every Southern concession had but stimulated aggression. Every Southern surrender had but provoked fresh attack. And look at the result! Your annals are blackening into the black records of Jamaica and St. Domingo, and Abolitionists are installed on the throne once occupied by noble leaders. Yes, we have nothing now to do but stand firm (enthusiastic cheers). We have retreated until, like the Britons of old, we have retreated to the very billows of the ocean (cheers). You must (loud cheers). Things have come to that.

I am as much a lover of the Constitution as any man (cheers)—but when you ask me to love the Union, when my constituents are not equal to the men who catch codfish (laughter)—when you ask me to love the Union in which the gallant sons of Virginia—the descendants of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and other distinguished men of the old school—when the gallant sons of Virginia are not the equals of the poor, crazy constituencies of Giddings and others of that stamp, God help me, I am against the Union (tremendous cheers). I want no grappling at the same cards with these fellows whose hands are greased with black grease (laughter and cheers). I have been as much a friend of the Union as any man (cheers). I am now; but I never will admit that they are our superiors (loud cheers). I love the Union to a reasonable extent—I trust none of you love it any more—but when I am asked to put my constituents under the foul domination of such a set of black serpents as Greeley, Sumner, Seward, Wilson, Chase and Giddings, all I have to say is, if my constituents submit, let them. *I should rather my State should be a graveyard of martyred patriots than the slave of Northern Abolitionists* (enthusiastic cheers). Yes, I, too, have loved the Union as well as you—and you have loved it, though with your magnificent resources you are an impoverished people; living on a soil so poor that you have to sharpen, as they say, the very noses of your sheep, in order that they may pick the grass around the stubbles (loud laughter). I have been told that we have a common history. I felt this, and I submitted to many things. And the South has submitted to many things. I tell you they are the most patient, submissive people the world has ever seen (cheers). In 1846, you carried your flag into a neighbouring republic. We upheld it (cheers). The South sent forty thousand men to the scene of battle; the North sent twenty thousand. Go ask the graves upon those battle-fields, and they will tell you who occupies them.

Massachusetts and South Carolina have been sometimes arrayed against each other. I will run a parallel between them. Col. Butler, the brother of the Hon. Mr. Butler, the Senator from South Carolina, who was so basely slandered by a foul-mouthed Abolitionist, was the leader of the Palmetto regiment in the Mexican war. General Quitman told me, when an order came to him for a regiment to engage in the battle of Chepultepec, Colonel Butler, who was sick, went to him and said, "I demand a right to be in that battle." Quitman replied, "You cannot go, sir, you are sick." "I am sufficiently well to go," said Butler. Quitman remarked, "I shall see," and thereupon a physician was sent for. He declared him unfit for active service, and General Quitman insisted that he should not go. "I ask it then as a favour," said Butler, "and I demand it as a right." "Go then," said Quitman. He led this Palmetto regiment on to the fight.

In that battle-field two free State regiments ran, while exposed to the fire of the Mexican lines stood this regiment from my own State, swept by grape and canister; that regiment stood while each man was writhing in the blood of his companions. Exposed in this fire that regiment stood, firing not a gun, levelling not a bayonet. While men were falling by scores they stood there (loud cheers). Free State regiments had broken up and retreated. Most of the regular army was cut up, and there was nothing but disaster in the perspective. "What regiment will follow me?" said Shields. Colonel Butler replied, "The Palmetto regiment will follow you" (cheers). That regiment did follow. Ere the leader advanced twenty steps, he fell dead—scarce had the regiment moved, ere its banner was struck down. Before it was fallen, its Lieutenant-Colonel took it up, and ere he advanced two steps, he too was struck down. Another took it, and scarce had he raised it when he fell; and while he was falling, a gallant Irishman took it, folded it round his body, and bore it on to victory (enthusiastic cheers).

There, too, was a young man—a college companion of mine, and brother of my colleague, Col. Brooks—a Lieutenant in his company. When Shields said, "What regiment will follow me?" and Col. Butler said, "The Palmetto regiment will follow you," Brooks said, "Aye, they will follow you to death." With his sword flashing, leading on his men, this young man fell mortally wounded. When he and his brother—my colleague—left home, their father took an old family servant, and said to them, "Take him along; he may be of use to you hereafter." My colleague, struck down with sickness, was sent home. He left this old servant to attend his brother. For three days and nights this old negro laid by the bedside of his dying young master. Without cessation in camp, and amid the rage of battle, he watched by his side. The ball had pierced him through. From the perforation of the ball came large splinters of bones. These he gathered together. His young master died, and the regiment, in consideration of his attention and fidelity, bought him a house and lot. The old negro purchased a wagon for his master, put him into it, and from the City of Mexico he carried him to Vera Cruz, where he put him on board a vessel bound for the United States. From the port of arrival he took him to his master, the father of the young man. He said to the old man, gray-headed and weeping, "Here, sir, are the bones which passed from the wound of your dead son." "Here," said he to the mother, "is the corpse of your son" (loud cheers). And this is the institution which is slandered by Northern fanatics. In that battle where was Massachusetts? God help me, her regiment had to be guarded by two other regiments (loud laughter and cheers).

While your flag was in the battle breeze, when Col. Butler, from a sick bed demanding a place for the Palmetto regiment, amid the flashing of guns; when he said, in his darkest hour, to Shields, "The Palmetto regiment will follow you"—at that dark moment in that battle, when the tide of conflict was against us, the Massachusetts regiment had to be guarded by two others (laughter and cheers). Aye, guarded, to keep them from plundering the baggage train (uproarious laughter). And yet I am asked to stand cheek by jowl with Massachusetts in this Union, when she steals your property and slanders you (cheers.)

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY OF THE SOUTH CAN AND WILL TAKE CUBA—NICARAGUA ALL RIGHT NOW.

Gentlemen, I have detained you much longer than I expected. I have but one more word to say, and I will then give you an opportunity of enjoying a much richer treat than I can afford you. I go with the Democratic party for the present, because it is the best party (cheers).

As I said before, I am independent, not neutral (cheers). If that party deviates from the right line of policy, I will oppose it (cheers). I say never will I act with any party that does not stand upon the constitution—I mean for the rights of the South (loud cheers). I go with it now because it is a gallant party—because it is a progressive party—because it is a conservative party (cheers). We have two races, the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon, and with such elements composing the population of our country, our destiny must be a noble and exalted one. They love progress, and the *first step in that direction is the acquisition of Cuba* (loud and enthusiastic cheers). Standing on your Southern shores, *the sentinel of your watch towers*, it must be ours, or the South is exposed to invasion. *Yes, it must be ours, and I have no objection to the fillibusters taking it* (loud cheers). *Take it and we will pay for it afterwards* (tremendous cheers).

*Take it—I care not in what manner*—and then we will roll into it a gulf stream of Southern population that will make it truly the gem of the Antilles. Extensively guarded, by nature protected, roll into it your Southern population and the navies of all the earth may thunder around its shores and they will thunder in vain (loud cheers). Yes, controlling the commerce of the West for three thousand miles, and controlling also the commerce of the East, through the great enterprise and commercial spirit of our population, Cuba would be what Palmyra was in ancient times, if it once throws off the despotism of Spanish rule (loud cheers). *The Democratic party can and will take it* (cheers). The destiny of that party is indeed a noble destiny (loud cheers). Convulsed as the world is—shaking off its old domination, breaking its old fetters—what a spectacle rises up before us! Affairs in Nicaragua are strongly tending to a favourable issue (cheers). Already has it entered upon its career of greatness, and the certainty of its progres is no longer a matter of doubt. Old China wants but a single speck removed from the free torch of free civilization (cheers). Japan, throwing aside her restrictions, asks but to touch the heat of your flint (cheers). Let the South—I care not for the North, you get nothing there but codfish (laughter)—let the South be but true to herself, and the nations of the earth will pour treasures into her lap, and the isles of the earth will turn round her chariot wheels (loud cheers). Let her be but true to herself, and she will become an object of admiration and envy to the world (cheers). Let her bow down to Northern domination, and there is no curse in the Apocalypse that will not be poured upon her (enthusiastic cheers).

### *GUBERNATORIAL COURTESIES.*

REJOINDER OF THE GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA TO THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[The Montgomery *Advertiser* publishes a letter of considerable length from Winston, of Alabama, in reply to the elaborate communication of Gov. Gardner, of Massachusetts, which was noticed in the papers a short time since. He starts out by saying it was not his purpose in returning the resolves of the Massachusetts Legislature to discuss the subject of those resolves, nor the merits or demerits of slavery as it exists. He says:]

IT would be profitable to neither party, as I conceive, to do so. Considering recent exhibitions of belles lettres vituperation, made by high dignitaries of the State of Massachusetts, it would be an act of rash presumption in me to accept a controversy of words and epithets with your Excellency. The contest would be too unequal. It would not even amuse those who take an interest in such exhibition. Were I to consult my own self-respect, the dignity of my official position, and perhaps the better judgment of my constituents, I should not now notice your elaborate communication in reply to my brief note; but let your remarks be added, without comment, to that great volume of detraction which Massachusetts is so fond of bestowing upon the Southern States.

* * * * * * * *

You avow your intention to continue to forward similar resolutions which may be adopted by the Legislature of Massachusetts. The passage and transmission of such resolves hereafter is a matter for your consideration. The offensive expressions of the Legislature on the subject of African slavery can be construed by us only as bullying insults, involving no responsibility; and I can return such documents with the same pleasure you may find in forwarding them.

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The good taste of invidious comparisons, under any circumstances, has ever been questioned; but the entire want of propriety in one of the parties to a controversy making such comparisons between them as you have done, is seldom exhibited. The claims of this State to high considerations of patriotism, I leave to others to settle. Were you not blinded by an overweening conceit, apparent to the rest of mankind, a comparison between what Massachusetts was and is—a contrast of her great men and patriots with those who now fill their places—would be enough to cover you with confusion.

The anxiety your Excellency displays—or, rather, the manner in which you are exercised—about the murders and outrages in Kansas, is rather too missionary to be much appreciated. One would suppose your duty was more particularly to see the laws executed in your own State. It is possible that your "labour of love might find scope and verge enough" within your own borders, and all your solicitude be profitably directed to home affairs. "Border Ruffianism" has not yet invaded the sanctity of female weakness, nor stained its hands with the innocent blood of a public officer in the faithful discharge of his duties.

The high officials who permit such crimes to go unpunished, and the community which so acts as to invite mob violence in resistance of law—as well as all who justify and shield offenders after the commission of lawless acts, are little entitled to claims as models for the rest of the world. When you shall have amended your own conduct, your precepts to others may be more respected. Doubtless your want of faithfulness to the obligations of the compact of the Union finds much relief in abuse of President Pierce, for attempting to have the laws enforced and the rights of all maintained. He may find consolation, however, under the crushing weight of your censure, in the hope that, when your fanaticism shall have accomplished its traitorous purpose, his name shall be enrolled with those of the mighty dead who have been willing to sacrifice self for the good of the country, when the acts of those now in authority in your State shall only be remembered to be execrated.

The cool assurance of the assertion that our fathers "dedicated, a third of a century ago, by a solemn national compact, to freedom for ever," the Territory of Kansas, or had the power to do so, is seldom equalled. The truth of history will show you that the country was slave territory when it was acquired—not only without your assistance, but in spite of your opposition—as all the acquisitions of territory have been over which you assume to exercise unrestrained and absolute control. We can only account for such an assertion by the charitable conclusion in this, as in other matters of difference, that your Excellency is gifted with a most fertile imagination and a faulty recollection of political history.

You announce to us that you do not intend to permit the people of the South to carry their property into the Territory of Kansas, the soil of "which is a portion of *your* birth-right and inheritance." Perhaps the law of primogeniture may invest Massachusetts with a "birth-right" not common to the States of the Federal Union, and give you power to say to us—"give place, we are better than you." But until I see such laws in a different light from what I have yet seen them, I shall not so believe. By purchase and conquest, with Southern money, Southern valour and Southern blood, we have acquired rights which we expect to maintain, nor be deterred from asserting, in spite of all the fanatical resolves or reckless assumptions of superiority in the Legislature or people of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It is with you to push your course of hostility to extremity, and to enjoy the consequences thereof. Our people have been "patient and long suffering." They may, however, conclude some day that "forbearance has ceased to be a virtue."

Your mental acuteness has enabled you to make a discovery that I was not aware of at the time of writing, viz.: that the paper on which I wrote was of Massachusetts manufacture. Unfortunately for us, it is true, that by the unjust operations of the revenue laws of the Federal Government, we are forced to buy many inferior articles of Massachusetts manufacture, to the encouragement of your capital and to the injury of our industry. Alabama is indebted to Massachusetts for nothing that she does not pay for, but detraction and slander. Your Excellency has doubtless been able to form a reasonable estimate of the profits made on the paper. If so, it may be of future advantage to your Excellency to consider the probability of a loss to your constituents of those Southern customers who, by the unequal laws of trade, are made dependent upon you for so many articles of manufacture and commerce.

The time may not be so distant as you suppose, when, as a people, we may become indignant at long continued wrong, and resolve to deny ourselves of the privilege of being indebted to your manufacturers and shopkeepers for anything but their unkindness. I shall welcome the day as one of honour and independence; and shall rejoice in any self-denial that may, for a time, follow such an act of patriotism.

[Governor Winston thus tartly brings his communication to a close:]

The people of Alabama can properly appreciate your professions of kindness and your desire for "a return of a fraternal spirit and good will," while assailing their institutions and maligning their character. Alabama has at no time, in any manner, interfered with the affairs of the people of Massachusetts, by legislative resolves, or otherwise. With our civil or moral obligations you have no concern; and future interference with either, though accompanied with expressions of brotherly love, will be resented as unprovoked insult.

For myself, I hope the time is near at hand when the people of Alabama and the South may be prepared to treat your fanatical interference with our affairs in such a manner as to show Massachusetts the position she would occupy without the profitable connection she has heretofore enjoyed with African slavery.

### *POLICY OF THE SOUTH IN THE EVENT OF FREMONT'S ELECTION.*

IF Fremont should be elected President, the Union of these States, in our opinion, would not, and should not long survive the event. This we believe to be the prevalent and daily strengthening conviction of the Southern people. The most inveterate Union men of the South would become convinced, if they are not already, that after such a triumph of the spirit of hostility to the South, which such a sectional vote would indicate, there could not be honour, peace, or safety for the South, in a continuance of the Union. Even if the South were willing, for the sake of peace and quiet, tamely and disgracefully to submit to the yoke, she would not be allowed to lie down quietly under the degradation. The agitation of the slavery question would still be kept up by her enemies. New aggressions and new humiliations would be planned and carried out, and her very submissiveness, instead of propitiating the Abolitionists, would but whet their appetites for further outrage. But we dismiss as a gross libel to our section, the very thought that a majority, or even any respectable number of Southern people would advocate a continuance of the Union in case Fremont should be elected.

But so confident have we been that there is no danger of this catastrophe, that we have never deliberately discussed the question: What are we to do in that event, and how are we to do it? We have looked upon the election of James Buchanan to the Presidency as a matter of absolute certainty from the very moment he was nominated. We have never for a moment wavered in that conviction. The elections in Iowa, Vermont and Maine have not had the slightest influence upon our judgment; and this, we believe, is the general conviction throughout the South. It is impossible to realize that the people of all the Middle and North-Western States are as besotted by fanaticism and insane hatred of the South as the votes of Iowa, Vermont and Maine exhibit those three States to be. Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana and Illinois are looked to as ramparts of conservatism that will stay the torrent and save the Union. In addition to these, Connecticut, New York and Michigan are looked to hopefully to stand up to the Constitution and rescue the Union from the impending danger. This conviction that there is no serious ground to apprehend the election of Fremont will account for the comparative silence and seeming apathy of the Southern people on this subject.

Our esteemed correspondent, whose communication headed "The Policy of the South in the event of Fremont's Election," will be found below, takes a less sanguine view of the future, and he invites public attention to the next step in the programme. He is a man whose views are entitled to much weight. He was one of the most zealous and effective, as he was one of the most able champions of the Compromise of 1850, and of the Union party of 1850 and 1851, in our State. He is not, and has not been of the school of *Fire-Eaters*, but on the contrary, has belonged to that class referred to in the Declaration of Independence, who "are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed."

It may not be amiss to look the worst possible contingencies in the face. It, at least, is the part of prudence to counsel together and be prepared to answer, what shall we do in case of Fremont's election? We cannot begin too soon "to set our house in order" for the great and tremendous change which such a result would bring upon the country. We look upon a dissolution of the Union on account of this slavery question as inevitable, sooner or later. It is only a question of time when it will take place. The election of Mr. Buchanan and the conservative influence which will go in with him may, and probably will, hold the country together four years longer. Possibly the Democratic theory of non-intervention by Congress with slavery may, in that time, receive a peaceful and triumphant solution. But the probabilities are that the virus of abolition fanaticism is so deep seated in the political system, that dissolution must ensue.

Yet the people of the South, like men in full health and vigour who, though knowing they must die, think the day afar off, and postpone making their will and adjusting their affairs for the great change, are on this subject of a dissolution of the Union, postponing all preparation, believing they have ample time and will have ample warning to make the needful arrangements.

When that time does come, the South will be rather too hot for the comfort of those among us, and there will be some such, who will still counsel submission to wrong and sing pæans to the Union. They should be promptly driven out to seek more congenial companionship among the anti-slavery bedlamites at the North.—*Augusta* (*Ga.*) *Constitutionalist*.

### *HOW SOUTHERN MEN TALK WHEN IT IS SAFE.*

Correspondence of The Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15, 1856.

GENTLEMEN: Being born and educated in Mobile, but now a resident of Buffalo, yet I am tenacious of my Southern principles, and have an interest in "that peculiar institution" otherwise. Allow me to say, plainly, that the most serious obstacles the Democracy have to contend with in the rural districts of the North, are some few slaveholders visiting us, and some few Fillmore speakers who are as thick as grasshoppers from the South. While addressing a political meeting in Courtland County, a few days since, I was boldly met in my arguments by a *slaveowner of some fifteen slaves in your State* (who married in Virginia), who stated that the "people of Virginia could not have a political opinion that was *humane and just, because her politicians governed her with more than Austrian despotism*." Said he: "The evils of the extension of slavery find no advocates in the breast of a true Virginian."

At Auburn I was confronted by another Virginian—the owner of 10 slaves—who stated that "*Slavery had degenerated Virginia to a fifth-rate State*; whereas, had she been a free State she would have been the foremost one in the Union; and that if she were to emancipate her slaves to-day, in five years, by the emigration of Yankee farmers, the value of the whole State would be enhanced four fold." I said to him, "why don't you have courage enough to say so among your own people?" He replied, "Why, a few politicians govern us, and I would be expelled from the State."

A Fillmore meeting in Buffalo was held some six weeks since, and a Southern lawyer from Baton Rouge, boldly proclaimed "that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was not asked for by the South, the boon was tendered to them by Northern Benedict Arnolds, for Southern favours—but their names are as infamous in the South-West as they are to the constituents they betrayed."

A Mr. Perrin, from Tennessee, also said, "South Carolina thinks of governing and dictating to a Southern Confederacy, and that she monopolizes all the chivalry and intelligence of the South; but, thank God, the growing South-West will not submit to her excessive arrogance!"

A lawyer from Kentucky also said: "*Atchison boasts that he will be President of a Southern Confederacy in less than ten years.* Well, he may be—but not over Kentucky. She has too much pride—she cannot think of a man of such a low and infamous character but with scorn. Kentucky will be a free and prosperous State in less than thirty years."

I could give you numerous other quotations equally reprehensible, and which assist the cause of Fremontism more than all things else combined. *Now, it is the duty of Southern journals to put the seal of disapprobation on such persons, and keep them in subjection, before it is too late.*

ABOLITION DOCUMENTS.—A writer in *The Norfolk Argus* exclaims against the circulation in the South of *The New York Herald, Tribune*, and other publications of the same character, and recommends the consideration of the best method to put a stop to it to the Grand Jury of the next Court. The danger, however, is not essentially from such as these, though they were better kept at home. *The Tribune's* fanaticism is become so much a proverb, and the foundation of whatever notions *The Herald* sees fit to set in circulation is so generally understood, that they never find us unprepared for resistance. It were better to look to the Magazines of Harper and Putnam, the Histories of Goodrich, and other publications whose character is not written upon their faces, who teach that the institution of domestic slavery is wrong in itself, and thus insensibly beget an infidelity to our form of society as founded upon social and political right and justice. Let these rather be attended to.—*Charleston Standard, Sept.* 18.

SLAVERY RATHER THAN UNION.—However much our Southern men may value the Union and the Constitution which our ancestors formed for the common weal, and whatever proud associations may cluster around it, we are persuaded there are but few, if any, who would not greatly prefer to see even such a Union perish, sooner than sacrifice the institution of slavery. If this be so, how can it be thought possible, that for the sake of preserving as it is, the present nominal union with the North, which has but few of the elements of its original, and none of its glorious associations, a single patriotic citizen can be found who would relinquish even one safeguard to that institution itself? Yet such may be the alternative presented to us. Give up the Union, or else abandon slavery! Dare any man counsel the last?—*Peedee Herald*.

### *DISUNION INEVITABLE UNLESS SLAVERY MAY BE EXTENDED.*

From The South Carolinian, Sept. 20

UNLESS the Free Soil views of the North be changed, disunion is inevitable. The Abolition party of the North is comparatively a small one, but almost universally are the people Free Soilers. Practically, we of the South can recognise no distinction. If the institution of slavery ought not to be extended into territory owned in common by the two sections, it may as well be abolished.

We consider its recognition, when the Confederacy was formed, in so large a majority of the original States, as settling the question of right, and no exception was taken when Kentucky, and Alabama and Mississippi were admitted as States, with slavery established in them—we heard then nothing of Free Soil claims in the North, or that the institution was to be circumscribed to its original limits. The South was then fairly and equally represented, and fanaticism did not exist. But it is useless to trace the origin and progress of abolitionism and Free Soilism. The Northern mind is fully possessed with the taint of the latter, and necessarily it will be merged in the former, as matters now clearly are tending in that direction.

The events of the late Congress and the excitement of the Presidential canvass now progressing, show unmistakably that unless a change occur in the sentiment of the North, legislation by the two sections in general Congress is impossible. The proposition is too palpably apparent to need argument.

## Selections.

### *VALUE OF THE UNION TO SLAVEHOLDERS.*

From The Baltimore American, September 23.

SOUTHERN AIDS TO NORTHERN AGITATION.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that some of the most telling blows in aid of the cause of Fremont at the North come from the South—from that very inner recess of Southern ultraism, South Carolina, and from the strongest partisans of the professedly Southern Democratic party. Wild and visionary in counsel and impracticable in action, they present the spectacle of an army marching into the face of the foe without preparation or concert, and choosing the most untenable point upon which to meet his attack. It is time that this clamour of disunion and secession should be stopped, and *that it should be understood that it proceeds from the politicians and not from the people of the South.* That it is party sectionalism that there runs into this wanton riot of disloyal threats and more foolish vauntings.

The South will oppose Northern fanaticism to the last; it will firmly, temperately and decisively, resist every aggression upon its rights; it will maintain its equality with the North as the sole judge of the propriety, morality and justice of its institutions. All this it will do, as it always has done, with the full hearted energy that belongs to its character; but it will do it *in* the Union, not *out* of it. *It will never abandon the constitutional rampart which the federal compact raises for its protection; it will never give to Northern ultraism the triumph—for triumph it would be—of driving it out of the Union; it will never expose itself, defenceless as it then would be, to enemies who would neither regard its rights nor grant it even the privilege of an honorable capitulation.*

The South out of the Union—*the idea appears to us the extremity of folly.* It would be a disgraceful abandonment of the contest, a yielding to the foe without a struggle, and a confession of weakness that would expose it to the sacrifices of a routed army. *What would become of Maryland, Western Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, and other border States, if a line of separation was drawn between the two sections of the country? With a hostile frontier stretching along their limits, peopled by those alienated from them and inimical to their institutions; with the Fugitive Slave law—inefficient and obstructed as its operation now is—replaced by laws in the free half of the confederacy offering a bounty to those who succeeded in inducing slaves to abscond; with all the appliances which* enmity and fanaticism would then bring into play, to render that species of property insecure, *how long would any of the States thus exposed consent to support* an institution *that brought them only difficulty and sacrifice, and from the benefits of which they were excluded?* Patriotism and sectional feeling would in vain bear up against the burdens they would be called upon to sustain. *They would be forced to become free states in self-defence, and the barrier which the South had fancied to be a permanent one against Northern aggression would prove only the means by which the North could most effectually annoy and molest it.* The institution of slavery would be driven in upon itself, its limits constantly narrowing until it was forced out of the territorial as it had previously abandoned the political Union. *The most ultra aggressions of abolitionism never devised a more destructive warfare upon the existence of the South than is an essential part and a sure sequence of the schemes of Southern secessionists.*

We have been forced into these reflections by an ill-timed and unwise speech delivered by the Hon. Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, on a recent occasion. This gentleman is one of those whom the Charleston *Mercury* lately asserted "was steeped to the lips in disunion," and his speech certainly justifies the remark. Sophomorical in eloquence, inconsequential in argument, and profuse in denunciation, it is a sad picture of sectional passion usurping the offices of statesmanship, and with the rash hand of violence arousing a storm which it will take wiser heads and more able efforts to allay. Such speeches do nothing for Southern rights or Southern peace, but they are powerful aids to Northern fanaticism. The conservative Southern mind turns from them in disgust, and the most influential of its journals refuses to repeat them; but throughout the North they are echoed and reëchoed, until the whole South is held accountable for their absurdity and denounced for their violence.

If the South wishes to resist the North with any show of success, it must be by earnest fidelity to the Constitution and the Union. She can never be made to suffer, while in the Union, a tithe of the irremediable consequences that would follow her separation from it. The attempt to put the contest upon any other basis weakens and distracts her friends. *There are thousands, we believe a vast majority, in most, if not all, the Southern States, who will not follow the party that looks to disunion as the remedy for the evils complained of;* still less will they consent to make the occurrence of any particular contingency, without waiting to see its results, the signal for a separation.

The Hotspurs of South Carolina and Virginia do not speak the sentiments of these masses, nor have they learned heresy to the Union from the teachings of the schools of secessionists these ultras represent. On the contrary, when they find the perpetuity of the Union endangered by the efforts of men in either of its sections, they will seek neither to precipitate the calamity nor render it unavoidable by adding fuel to the flame of sectional excitement. But they will, as the first requisite to the protection of Southern rights and interests, banish the consideration of disunion as a remedy applicable to their case, or, indeed, as a remedy at all. Their object will be to remain in the Union and defend their privileges there, not to go out of it and sacrifice them.

[A correspondent at Cincinnati sends us the following article, from a newspaper in that city, allusion having been made some time since in THE STANDARD to the person to whom it refers.]

### HON. J. SCOTT HARRISON.

IN justice to this person, we publish this morning, in another column, a statement of the facts of the Cleves mob in 1843, made by a gentleman of our acquaintance, who is familiar with all that occurred at that time. It seems that the Honourable individual disclaimed, on the spot, having any connection with the rioters, although at that time he was standing *in their midst*. We believe he was there merely as a spectator, but must also think his position very much resembled that of the foolish heir's pet sheep, "Sam," in the story—he was keeping very bad company.

From The Cincinnati Commercial.

THE CLEVES MOB OF 1843.

CLEVES, July 29, 1856.

Your published statement of this successful effort to put down free discussion, is true in the main. In justice to Hon. J. S. Harrison, he is not the "feudal lord" in spirit or act which he is represented; he has always been highly esteemed for his humane and gentlemanly bearing. The Pastor of the Cleves Presbyterian Church, Rev. Ed. Scofield, and a majority of his flock, were favourable to the meeting, indeed, it was called at their request. Additional to the speakers named, was the Hon. Thomas Morris, late United States Senator, whose manly voice for freedom, integrity of principles, firmness of character, have enrolled his name among the early champions of free speech and free soil. Mr. Harrison and other prominent men were with the rabble that prevented the Convention from occupying the meeting house. The "pig" story is all true. A village blacksmith, dressed in striped "bed ticking" held the animated music box, and when any of the Anti-Slavery men would attempt to speak, this functionary pinched the pig, and raised a squeal, the key note of the rabble vociferation.

The Convention, thus prevented to enter the house, occupied the road in front. Rev. S. Lewis kneeled on the ground and offered a most solemn and impressive prayer. For a moment the rioters were palsied in their nefarious opposition. One of them has often told me "that prayer I shall never forget." After a moment of silence Mr. Lewis said: "We know who instigated this mob, and shall hold them responsible for any violence that may be offered." To this Mr. Harrison replied, as he stood in the midst of the rioters: "I have no connection with the mob, and hope that there will be no violence." He saw and felt his position. At this time, Richard Hughes, Esq., a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church of Berea, a mile from Cleves, offered the use of that meeting house, where the Convention, driven from Cleves, held its sessions for two days. The impression of that meeting abides unto this day; fires were kindled that shall burn brighter and brighter for many days.

The Cleves rioters, not satisfied with driving the Convention from the village, smashed the windows of the meeting house, mobbed the house of the Pastor, threw his buggy into the canal, and shaved the tail of his horse. They also mobbed the house of Mr. A., a prominent anti-slavery man. The perpetrators of these deeds of darkness chose the covert of night for their performances. The actors were a few of the lowest class of the baser sort, a disgrace to any community, but they had been instigated and backed by quite a number "of those of reputation."

Now, such opposition to free discussion would be repudiated by the population of Cleves and vicinity. Such men as Thomas Morris and Samuel Lewis would be heard, and gathered throngs would hang upon their lips. C.

### *A FREMONT MAN IN VIRGINIA.*

NIGGER-DRIVING DEMOCRACY RAMPANT—A CALM AND DIGNIFIED REBUKE.

WE find the following correspondence in the Wheeling, Va., *Times:*

WHEELING, Sept. 13, 1856.

MR. E. NORTON, President of the Black Republican Club, at Wheeling: It is with deep regret that we learn there is to be a Black Republican meeting held in this city some time during this month. The object of this letter is to warn you against taking any part in said meeting. We feel friendly towards you, respect you as a gentleman, but consider your principles as being antagonistical to the interest of Virginia. The love which we have for our noble old State compels us to resist any demonstration made by your party. In conclusion, we ask that you will not be present at this meeting. Feelings of friendship demand this warning, and we hope you will take heed. No one knows what will happen.

By order of the VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

I deem it a duty I owe to my fellow-citizens to request you to publish the communication herewith enclosed, received by me through the Post-office. I beg leave to state for myself in relation to it that I have not instigated nor encouraged the meeting referred to, and knew of it first by a newspaper advertisement, and may feel regret if it shall occur. I am also grateful to the personal friends who warned me of the danger of being present; but I shall not, on account of personal risk, hesitate in asserting my rights as an American citizen on that or any other lawful occasion. I hope I shall never become so base and recreant to republican principles as to forego the blood-bought rights transmitted to me by my fathers, and guaranteed to every American citizen by the Constitution of the United States, and constitution and laws of Virginia, as to be driven from the discharge of my political duties by threats or intimation of violence, emanating from any self-constituted body of men unknown to our laws.

I do not say this in the spirit of defiance, and trust and beg of my fellow-citizens to permit no state of things to arise by which a respectable class of men must be compelled to feel themselves degraded and false to liberty, or must subject themselves to violence in vindication of it. If the meeting referred to on the 18th shall be held, I shall be found, I trust, as I ever have been with thousands of my enlightened fellow-citizens, the advocate of free speech, and the rights of the citizens to use it, and amenable only for its abuse to the laws. I believe this a time, above all others we have yet seen, when the interchange of sentiment and opinion in reference to the political affairs of our nation should be most freely expressed. Now, when violent prejudices have grown formidable in entire sections, and political demagogues of all parties misrepresent the intentions of each other, and threaten a dissolution of our Union in case of the success of their opponents. I say at a time like this, the present interchange of sentiment should occur, that those violent prejudices may be mollified, and each become willing to be and remain good citizens and obedient to the laws as expressed by the majority of our countrymen, so long as they shall be administered according to our constitution and bill of rights.

I believe with Thomas Jefferson that even error may safely be tolerated whilst truth is left free to combat it, and the palladium of American liberty consists in the liberty of speech and the press, and I for one, with, as I believe, millions of enlightened men, do not care to survive its overthrow, and see substituted in its place the most tyrannical of all governments on earth—an unconstitutional democracy, or an aristocratic oligarchy.

A strong political sentiment being antagonistical to the interests of our glorious Old Dominion, this must be left open for discussion. But as I have been branded as an Abolitionist, and as that word seems to be sufficient to blacken any man, no matter with how much propriety he may have conducted himself as a citizen of twelve years residence, I will take this occasion to state that I am not an Abolitionist. If the question of emancipation was left to my decision to-day I would not incur the responsibility of freeing the slaves in Virginia. I never discuss this subject. I am a believer in States rights and States sovereignty, and have, as I do now, stand ready to shed my blood if necessary to vindicate this principle against any State or any combination of them, who may even attempt to invade it. But I am not a slavery propagandist. I am willing that it should spread no further, but if it must I want some arbitrary line established by Congress, where slavery may go, and its rights and limits defined so that the discordant element of slavery and free labour shall not have in the future to contend with each other for supremacy on the same soil, threatening as at this moment in Kansas to plunge the nation into a civil war, creating sectional animosities, and making enemies of those who else would have remained brothers. I oppose the party and the men who disturbed and broke down this line, because I think it done for sectional purposes, and they have but too well succeeded. I should if I had an opportunity, support Col. John C. Fremont, because he, as I understand him, is in favour of about the same things that I am. If, however, he should deceive me, I shall immediately abandon him, and seek some other candidate for his successor, and so will thousands of others, as they are now leaving the Democratic ranks, because its leaders have deceived the people; and, in short, I am for free speech, free press, and at least some free territory, and Fremont.

E. M. NORTON.

### *CRUELTY AND BRUTALITY OF KANSAS BARBARIANS.*

LETTER FROM REV. MR. NUTE.

THE following letter from Rev. Mr. Nute has been received by Rev. Dr. Miles, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association:

"LAWRENCE, Kansas, Thursday, Sept. 11, 1856.

"REV. DR. MILES—*Dear Friend:* I am yet alive, to the disappointment of friends and foes, and once more out of the hands of the latter. But I have had a hard time of it. Two weeks of harrassing captivity, with wearing exposures, have nearly broken me down in health. A few days will, I hope, set me up again, when I will try to give a full account of that fortnight's experience, and make public some of the facts which I have learned thereby of the plans and doings of the enemies to Freedom and to God.

"An account of our capture and treatment for the first twenty-four hours, has probably been given you by those of the party who were bound East, and who were permitted to go down the river.

"After that time we endured brutality that will hardly seem credible to those who live among civilized people. I think it will be difficult to find a parallel to this case in all the annals of civil war, taking all the circumstances into account—the brutal murder of our brother—the heartless conduct toward the distressed widow—the cool open murder of the young man who attended us—the mockery of proclaiming us free to go to our friends, and the insulting and violent reärrest on the levee, planned so as to leave the widow without any protection—our confinement in a close, crowded, filthy dungeon, after the tenth day of our imprisonment, when I was too ill to stand up, with other cruel deceits and blood-thirsty threats, so that on three occasions I had every reason to suppose that my last hour had come. But I have no heart or strength to finish the sentence now, nor to give you anything more than a hint of what I passed through since I last wrote you. It will be painful for me to go back to the beginning and give the history of this affair, and it is no mere personal consideration that can move me to undertake it.

"And what is it to the whole sum of outrage and barbarity that has been inflicted on my distressed people, and all over this Territory during the past month? Let no one talk of the exaggerations of these outrages any

longer. No one can over-estimate the distress which has followed them. There is much of it that can never be made public—the butcheries of men of which there were no witnesses but God and the cowardly perpetrators—the sleepless terror of defenceless women and children, whose neighbours have been murdered or driven from burning homes, and those yet more unhappy ones whose husbands and fathers have gone out to be heard from no more, or the tidings of whose savage butchery has come back to them.

"It is estimated that over sixty families have been turned out of home. Many of these have had their all destroyed or plundered. Of the number killed we have as yet no definite estimate. Six persons with whom I was personally acquainted—and three of them intimate and dear friends—have been butchered.

"But we have again conquered, though at a terrible cost. If it seals the final victory of our cause, it will be an ample satisfaction to us who have suffered only in our own persons and in the spoiling of our goods, and the best consolation to those who have lost their friends in the contest.

"Will it not be a crying shame to the confessors to Freedom and Right in the State, if this work of blood and rapine is not stopped, and that speedily?

"Yours, yet in good hope, E. Nute, Jr.

"P. S.—Unless aid is sent out there must be much distress here during the coming Winter.

"Warm clothing, blankets and other bedding will be needed by many from whom everything of the kind has been plundered."

## *A SOUTH-SIDE VIEW OF POLITICS.*

### SPEECH OF J. MINOR BOTTS, AT RICHMOND, VA.

We make below some extracts from a speech of Mr. Botts, delivered last week in Richmond. It is, as the reader will see, very strange talk for a leading politician in a slave State to indulge in, but, like a preceding article from a Baltimore paper, is what we are sure to get enough of the moment there is a serious threat anywhere of a dissolution of the Union. Our first extract will show

WHAT MR. BOTTS THINKS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

*I charge upon the Democratic party that by the disturbance of the Missouri Compromise they have not only sacrificed the integrity and honour of the South, pledged in good faith to the Missouri Compromise, but which pledge they violated after they had received from it all the benefit they could derive.* I charge upon the Democratic party that they have violated every pledge that was made in the Convention that nominated Mr. Pierce—to resist any, and all efforts, no matter when, where or by whom made, in Congress or out of it, to reopen the agitation of the slavery question (loud cheers). *I charge upon them that they have built up the Black Republican party from ground which had no existence prior to the disturbance of the Missouri Compromise* (cheers). I charge upon them that they have brought civil war in the country (cheers). I charge upon them that they have sacrificed every acre, every foot, every inch of territory now belonging to the United States, or that may hereafter be acquired, to the cause of the Free Soilers (cheers). I charge upon them that if they have not involved us in a foreign war, it is only because there has been more discretion, forbearance and wisdom in British statesmen than have been exhibited in the Cabinet in Washington. *And I charge them with exciting a revolutionary and rebellious spirit throughout the limits of this broad land,* and that having taken possession of the Government when all was peace, they have brought us to that point when threats of dissolution are heard in every quarter of the land (loud cheers). And now they come, as I said before, with that old deceptive syren song of "Help us to save the Union." "The Union cannot be saved except by the Democratic party."

WHAT HE THINKS OF COMPROMISES.

You have been told by Mr. Seward that the day for compromise has passed away. Mr. Seward is right. Blame him who may, Mr. Seward is right. The day of compromise has passed away, and has passed by the fiat of Southern Democracy. They have told you they would have no more compromise; they, in the minority, without the power to control, have said to the North, in the majority, "we will have no more compromises; compromises are unconstitutional; either you or we must control this Territory." The North said to them, "Gentlemen, we have the power (I mean they said it substantially), we have the power to control, but we have no disposition to control. This question has been harmoniously settled; let them remain settled according to the compromises that have been adopted." "No," said the South, "we will stand by no such compromises; compromises are unconstitutional; you must have your way or we will have ours." "Very well," said the North, "if you are resolved upon that, and to present to us the broad issue, of whether you, the minority, or whether we, the majority, shall control, no alternative is left—we must fight the question out." I say the Southern Democracy have raised the whirlwind—let them direct the storm. I say Southern Democracy has raised the whirlwind; they have raised up that Black Republican party in the North that is likely to overwhelm the country. Let them see to it; let them make such atonement to the South as they can. I say, as I said before, that if it was not for the boldest audacity that ever controlled a bloated party—bloated with spoils—they would bow their heads in shame, and ask forgiveness of the country; instead of asking us to unite with them in the support of their candidate, they should be inviting us to release them from the burdens of government which they are incompetent to conduct (loud cheers). Suppose Texas were now to be annexed as a slave State, or slave Territory, with the Missouri Compromise line repealed, does any man, in his proper senses, believe that the North would consent to it? If so, let me tell him he knows little of the feeling pervading all ranks and all parties among the people throughout that entire region of country. You might find a politician here and there, who would betray the confidence of his constituents for the hope of reward; but among the masses of the people you would find none that would listen to it for a moment; and for this the Democracy are responsible to the South especially, and to the country generally.

WHAT HE THINKS OF THE REPEAL OF THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

But they say that the Missouri Compromise was unconstitutional. Well, gentlemen, I only ask you to take the subject into consideration for yourselves. Just weigh the authority that I have adduced upon this subject—134 to 42 in the House of Representatives—20 out of 22 Senators, in 1820. Mr. Monroe, the Southern President, and all his Cabinet, with J. C. Calhoun among them—the whole body of Democrats in the Senate of 1845—Mr. Polk and his party in 1847, upon the admission of Oregon. And then take the pigmies, and the butterflies, and the grasshoppers of the present day, who are croaking in every corner of the street, about the unconstitutionality of the Missouri Compromise, and tell me, then, where is the authority for its unconstitutionality (loud cheers). But admit it to have been unconstitutional, what was the object of disturbing it? What practical injury did it inflict? You are obliged to have free and slave States, and dividing lines between them. Is it not as well to have a straight line as a crooked one? And was it not as well to have let alone the straight line established by our forefathers, which had become sanctioned by time, and was held, for years, almost as sacred as the Constitution under which we live? It was as well for us, but it was not as well for the Democratic party. And why? Because they were without food to live upon; they were without the elements of combination that gave them strength; they had nothing upon which they could unite their party (loud cheers). Pierce, by his Cabinet appointments, and by his expulsion of Bronson, because he would not turn out the Hard Shells and put in Soft Shells, had broken down the Democratic party. It was a rickety, rackety concern, a sort of broken-down monster that could not stand the tests of public scrutiny and observation, and it was necessary to repeal the Missouri Compromise, to get up agitation upon the question of slavery, in order to delude weak-minded, sappy-headed, tender-footed, faint-hearted Whigs and Americans to vote for the Democratic nominee, upon the plea that the South was in danger—that slavery was in danger (cheers). Gentlemen, I can truly say that there is nothing that I predicted in 1854, as the result of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, that has not happened. I said at the time, "You, gentlemen of the South, regard Mr. Seward as your greatest enemy. I tell you that every man in the South who votes for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise is unwittingly engaged in the service of Mr. Seward; after you have repealed this Missouri Compromise you will have no more national Democracy and no more national Whigism. You will have in the North no more Hunkers, Hard Shells or Adamantines; they will all become Soft Shells, Barnburners and Free Soilers." And so they are—all are united now under the cognomen of Republicans; and I added: "He that does not see the dark spirit of disunion lurking around this bill is a short-sighted man." Now, gentlemen, I part with this subject by saying that those men who take the ground that the Compromise measures of 1850 repealed the Compromise measures of 1820 perpetrate a libel upon the living and a calumny upon the dead (loud cheers).

MR. BOTTS ON SLAVERY AND FUGITIVE SLAVES.

And now I want to say a word about slavery. The man has not yet drawn his breath, who, if placed in the Presidential chair, would dare to interfere with the institution of slavery as it exists in the States; they all oppose its extension, but none are for disturbing it where it exists. It was but the other day that, in the Senate of the United States, John P. Hale, one of the king bees in the hive, said:

"The doctrine which has been proclaimed by the men about whom I know anything engaged in the Anti-Slavery enterprise of the North has always been that they disclaimed and denied utterly, the purpose, the desire, or the power to interfere with slavery in any State where it exists. The ultra of them, in the first meeting they ever held as a Convention utterly dssclaimed it."

No, sir; the only danger to which slavery is exposed is from making its escape into the free States; and that is to be avoided only by excessive vigilance on the part of the owners, and by the punishment of those who entice them off, when apprehended. This property must be guarded in that respect as best you can—as you guard your other property from a Northern burglar or incendiary—neither the general Government nor the Union is responsible for it. Nor will abusive and intemperate language, or threats of separation from the North prove a remedy for the evil. A burglar from the North enters my neighbour's dwelling and carries off his jewelry and plate. You do not charge it upon the entire Northern population, and hold them responsible for the larceny, and threaten to dissolve the Union because his property is not found and restored; all that you can demand is that when the rogue is detected, you shall have the property returned and the party punished. Another, who came with the burglar entices my slave to accompany him to the North, and immediately a hue and cry is raised against the entire Northern population, and nothing but threats of disunion greet our ears until the case is worn threadbare and forgotten. I have seen two cases of kidnapping, or stealing negroes, reported as being brought to the notice of our Courts, within the last week—one from North Carolina, and the other from the District of Columbia. Why not hold all the people of the State of North Carolina, and the District of Columbia in like manner responsible for the guilt of the offenders, and separate yourselves from them also? There are good and bad men in all communities; but I have no idea of holding the good responsible for the misdeeds of the wicked. There are good men in the North, and the proportion is just as large as in the South; *and I will not justify this indiscriminate, wholesale slander of the North, nor give countenance to the demoniac cry of party to dissolve the Union, whenever we hear of a runaway slave making his escape to the North.* Murders, kidnapping, robberies, and arsons, running off of slaves, will occcur as long as men exist and slaves are within their reach, and no laws, human or divine, will prevent them. They must be punished according to law when the guilty parties are detected; and that, with proper caution and vigilance, is your only remedy—*dissolve the Union, and there would be fifty cases for one now under the Constitution.*

HIS OPINION ON THE PROBABILITY OF A DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

But it is said the election of Fremont will be just ground for a dissolution of the Union; and it has been charged that Mr. Fillmore has said, in one of his speeches, that "his election would not, and ought not, be submitted to by the South. I must do Mr. Fillmore the justice to say that I do not understand him to have said any such thing; and I must do myself the justice to say, that if he had uttered a sentiment so repugnant to the Constitution and the Union, and to every principle of conservatism, and subversive of the popular will, when constitutionally and lawfully expressed, that I would not now occupy this stand in support of his election (cheers). What I understand Mr. Fillmore as having said was this: That, if the principle was carried out by Mr. Fremont or the Republican party, of excluding every Southern man from having any participation in government, if the same rule was to be observed in the appointment of his Cabinet Council, foreign ministers, Judges, and administrative officers that the South ought not to submit (great cheering). Now, I do not mean to say that Mr. Fremont, if elected, will do nothing to cause or justify a dissolution of the Union; *but what I do say is, that his election by the people, lawfully and constitutionally expressed, furnishes no ground for a dissolution, and he is insane who contemplates any such thing;* and I will say more—I will say it furnishes no just ground of complaint to the Democracy, as they first made the issue by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and have ever since pressed the issue by their attempts to keep every other question than that of slavery out of the canvass, and by their constant and daily efforts to sectionalize the entire South on this sectional issue; and if they start the game, and are beaten at it, what right have they to complain? We may complain and hold them responsible for it, as we should; but their lips will be sealed. They should have known their strength better before they challenged and defied their adversaries to the combat, at which they will, in all likelihood, be badly whipped; and they will richly deserve it, if they are.

ON KANSAS.

In regard to the affairs of Kansas, I must say that a state of things exists there that is disgraceful to this Administration, and disgraceful to us as a civilized and enlightened people. A civil war is raging in that Territory that nothing can excuse this Administration for not arresting. I care not for the detraction and misrepresentation of the public press. I have been so long accustomed to it that I have ceased to regard it, and the public mind shall not be kept in a state of ignorance as to what has occasioned that civil war, so far as I can enlighten it. And without caring to express any opinion as to the merits of the case, I will simply state that it appears by the report of the Committee appointed by Congress (which is so voluminous that it will never fall into the hands of nor be seen by the people) to take testimony in Kansas, that the Legislature of that Territory was elected by several thousand Missourians, who went over with their wagons, tents, provisions and arms, and took possession of the polls at the point of the bowie-knife and mouth of the revolver; and that that Legislature passed a set of laws—a full copy of which I have in my possession—*which establishes a system of tyranny, oppression and despotism that I have not known to be paralleled in ancient or modern history.*

Mr. Botts then quotes the several pro-slavery edicts of the Shawnee Mission Legislature, and condemns the whole of them in the most pointed terms. After finishing the consideration of his subject he comes to

BULLY BROOKS AND SENATOR SUMNER.

I have one word to say in regard to the Brooks affair, and it is only because I have referred to it before a Northern audience, that I choose now, in the presence of a Southern audience, *to repeat my entire and absolute condemnation of the attack made upon the Senator from Massachusetts.* If Mr. Brooks had thought proper to resent the language of Mr. Sumner by pulling his nose, slapping his face, or sending him a challenge, I should never have found it necessary to express any opinion upon the subject, whatever opinion I might have entertained; *but I approve neither of the time, place, manner nor circumstance attending the assault.* I have no doubt at all, from what I have heard from the friends of Mr. Brooks, that he is a high-minded and gallant man in his general deportment, but has, in a moment of impetuosity and excitement, been led to commit an act which his own better judgment will condemn as he grows older and more reflective, and that the compliments he has received from his warm-hearted, enthusiastic, but injudicious friends in the South, and the taunts and abuse heaped upon him at the North, have served to bewilder and mislead his judgment in much that has transpired since, as it was well calculated to do. But let me say here, once for all, that he knows little of me, who supposes that I could be induced to make a sectional matter of a private quarrel between any Northern and Southern gentlemen. Geographically or politically I know no difference between Mr. Brooks and Mr. Sumner. I have no more sympathy for a Southern nullifier and secessionist than I have for a Northern Abolitionist. I am a citizen of Virginia, holding attachments to my native land; but when I get beyond the limits of Virginia I know no difference between the citizens of the different States; I am equally interested in, and equally sympathize with all; and of one thing be assured, that no nullifying, seceding Democrat, and no Democrat of any other description, can be allowed to make an issue for me that is to widen the breach between the North and the South. Nor will I permit the personal quarrels of anybody to raise a sectional issue for me. *If my own brother had acted as Mr. Brooks did (in the discharge of a solemn public duty, whatever might have been my personal feelings), I should have voted for his expulsion,* and, as I said before, I choose to say so here, because I said so in the North before Northern and Southern delegates in the National Council of the American party, while opposing the passage of a resolution offered by a Committee demanding his expulsion (loud and long-continued applause).

AND CONCLUDES WITH THE USUAL BENEDICTION OF THE UNION AND THE CONSTITUTION.

With regard to the frequent threats of disunion, let me say *the Union is in no danger of dissolution.* There are but two ways of dissolving the Union: one is by revolution and force, which the strong arm of the General Government will always be able to put down; and the other is by a convention of the States that adopted the Constitution and framed the Government of their choice. Newspaper editors and cross-road politicians have no power to dissolve, and there is now, and always will be, good sound sense enough among the conservative elements of the country now engaged in their daily avocations in the workshop, in the field, in the factories, and in every pursuit of life, not heeding nor caring for the cry of "wolf! wolf!" with which their ears have become familiarized, but who will, when occasion calls for it, rise up in their mighty strength and trample under foot these noisy, mischievous malcontents, who make "night hideous" with their yells of disunion; and let me tell them that when they attempt it for no better cause than it has yet been threatened, I, for one, will meet them at "Phillippi," and on that field they will find me kneeling at no other altar than the altar of the Union, worshipping at no other shrine than the shrine of the Constitution, and fighting under no other flag than the stars and stripes of the United States.

[Loud, vociferous and protracted cheers, amid which Mr. Botts took his seat.]

## *THE MOBILE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.*

STATEMENT OF MR. STRICKLAND TO THE PUBLIC.

To my friends in Mobile and to the public generally, I owe a plain statement of the facts which were the cause of my being placed in the unfortunate position I occupy at this time.

A simple history of the circumstances, in the order in which they occured, seems to me the best mode of detailing these facts so that they will be more distinctly understood.

The first intimation I had of the two copies of "Fred. Douglass's Bondage and Freedom" being sold in our store came to me as follows:

The manner in which these books came into our possession, is detailed below in Mr. Babcock's affidavit.

A gentleman (Mr. Harris, I believe) called and inquired for the book, when I was present in the store; my partner waited on him, and after the inquirer had gone out, came near my desk, and remarked to me, "what do you suppose can have created a demand for Fred Douglass's book?" On my replying, "I could not imagine," he said he thought "it must have something to do with the Baptists"; that two copies were sold, and that man wanted another.

The two copies disposed of, and they the only copies of the work ever in our possession, were sold by my partner to Dr. Cragin, a gentleman well known to us, and one whom we viewed as a personal friend; he paid for one and took it away with him, and requested us to charge and mail the other copy to Colonel Jones.

Here the matter rested until the afternoon of the 12th August, at which time a friend called and stated that a book had been shown him which had been sold in my store, which he feared would lead to trouble, as it had been placed in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Hawthorne to be used against us; that, as a friend, he thought it but right to come and place me in possession of these facts.

The next morning (Aug. 13) a friend, and a very prominent citizen, called and said there was a great excitement on Royal street, in consequence of some book we had sold. I related to him the remarks of my friend who had called the evening previous. He said it was the same book, and though I did not seem to attach the proper importance to it, he assured me, as a friend, it was a serious matter, and I had better, and at once, treat it as such.

He advised me to see the gentlemen who had the matter in hand as soon as possible, and gave me the names of Dr. Woodcock, Dr. Levert, Judge Lesesne and Judge Dargan.

Judge Lesesne and myself had not been on speaking terms for many years: hence to have seen him would have been very disagreeable.

I immediately had a conversation with Dr. Woodcock, Dr. Levert and Judge Dargan.

During the conversation with Dr. Levert, he informed me a meeting was that night to be held at the Battle House to examine into the matter.

I expressed an earnest desire to be present at the meeting, and told him we courted every possible investigation.

Before two o'clock of the same day, Dr. Woodcock sent me a note of which the following is a copy:

Mr. Strickland—*Dear Sir:* A meeting of citizens will be held this evening to take into consideration your conduct in the sale of incendiary publications.

The undersigned have assumed the responsibility of considering your case, and desire to give a fair opportunity for defending yourself against the charge of being engaged in disturbing the peace, and endangering the lives of the community.

The meeting will take place this evening at 8 o'clock, in the gent's parlour of the Battle House.

For the Committee, John H. Woodcock.

I was introduced to the meeting at about half-past 8 o'clock. There was in the room about thirty gentlemen. Mr. Boyles was Chairman, and Mr. Daughdrill Secretary.

I will, as near as my memory enables me, give here every word which transpired during my examination.

Mr. Boyles produced the copy of Fred. Douglass's book which had been purchased by Dr. Cragin.

1. He asked me if I knew the book or had sold it?

I replied it was sold by my partner to Dr. Cragin (and detailed the circumstances), and that he had ordered a copy charged and mailed to Col. Jones.

2. Do you know the character of the book?

I know its character in the sense that I know its author, and know he is probably capable of writing but one kind of a book. I am not aware that I ever read a line in it or opened it.

3. Would you have sold that book?

Under the same circumstances I certainly should. Had any gentleman now in this room, or any other man in the community well known to me, inquired for that book, and it had been in my possession, I should most assuredly have sold it to him, presuming the use to which he would apply it was a good one.

4. How did that book, or books, come into your possession?

I do not now know; the fact can easily be determined to-morrow by reference to our orders or invoices; those two books have been in our possession over two, if not three years, as I can prove by these Inventories which I have brought with me.

At this stage of the inquiry, Judge Lesesne seemed particularly desirous that I should repeat and again repeat this statement about the books having been in our possession so long.

Why he did so, was soon very evident.

The committee have reference to this statement of mine, when they say I lied before them.

I would ask a careful and candid perusal of what I am now about to state regarding this lie with which I am charged.

About four o'clock of the afternoon of this same day a friend called and said young Mr. Woodcock had shown him a book which had been bought at my store, which was a very, very improper book for us to keep.

Its name he did not recollect; by his description I could not recognise it. I called my partner to my assistance. My friend again described the book, which my partner recognised as a copy of the Autographs of Freedom, which he said was in our store when he purchased an interest in my business: that when we took stock, he remarked either to myself, or one of my clerks, that it was a very queer book to have there.

I immediately, in the presence of this friend, referred to our inventory for July 1st, 1854, and found one copy of the Autographs of Freedom, which cost sixty cents.

I also referred to the inventory for 1856, and found the same book still on hand; and also (in this inventory only) I found two copies of "Douglass's My Bondage and my Freedom;" both inventories were examined while our friend was present.

My motive in taking the inventories with me to the meeting, was to prove to the Committee how many of them and how long we had had these books.

My lie to the Committee consists in stating we had the Douglass books on hand two years, and that our inventory would prove it.

I appealed confidently to the inventory and it did not prove it.

What did it prove? Precisely the reverse, namely: that it was the one copy of Autographs of Freedom, which had been on hand since between 1853 and 1854, and that the Douglass books were in the 1856 inventory only.

If this constitutes an intentional lie, then I did lie before the committee; but I think any candid person who will reflect one moment, will at once see that I intended to state nothing but the truth, or otherwise I certainly should not have appealed to a written list of books to prove my statement.

The position I so unexpectedly occupied—that of a culprit—was enough to excuse and, to any candid mind, explain my simple mistake.

Mr. Boyles next produced the book, which has been purchased by Mr. Woodcock.

My recollection of the questions regarding this book are:

5. Did you sell this book?

I detailed in reply to this question all I knew about the books, precisely as I have above, about our friend calling and stating that Mr. Woodcock had shown him the book, &c., &c.

6. Who was that friend?

I cannot tell you.

7. Do you know the character of that book?

I know its character only by our friend's description; to the best of my knowledge I never saw the book before.

8. Who sold the book?

As my partner says he did not sell it, and as we are working light handed (two of our usual force being absent), it must have been sold by our man Philip.

9. Is he authorized by you to sell such books?

He is authorized to sell anything in our store of which he knows the value.

10. Would you have sold that book, Mr. Strickland?

I would have scorned to have done any such thing.

I was informed by the Chairman that he had no further questions to ask—I might retire.

Before retiring, I requested the privilege of making a few remarks, which privilege I was immediately granted.

I alluded to my having been a resident in Mobile some seventeen years—my early savings for years were invested in slaves. I then turned my attention to small investments in Real Estate, which was then at a very low ebb in Mobile. All I was worth was in this shape, when my employer (James M. Sumwalt) died. I then went into business on my own account, and necessarily needed all my little capital in my business, and hence sold my slave property and real estate as soon as possible, and placed the proceeds in my business.

My whole capital has ever since been in that business, for it had increased and extended beyond my most sanguine expectations.

I alluded to the peculiar difficulties in conducting the book business—that as a rule, we had simply the title of a book to guide us as to its character, unquestionably we had, no doubt, sold many novels and other ephemeral books, which may have contained abolition sentiments. Whenever it came to our knowledge that any book on hand was not fitted to circulate at the South, such books were at once wrapped up for return.

We often had books consigned to us which we never should have ordered; that in the hurry of business, such books could easily get sold innocently.

I alluded to Uncle Tom's Cabin, we had utterly refused to sell it. We had two copies (I believe) sent to us which were literally read to pieces, by being passed from friend to friend, whose curiosity had been excited, and I believe there were men then in the room who had read one of them.

Had it occurred to me, I should have told them we ordered fifty copies of the cheap edition, several months after it was published, which were presented by myself, gratuitously, to our friends from the interior, who were exceedingly anxious to get a copy, and who, I presumed were such as would appreciate the compliment.

The Committee have deeply censured me for not stating this fact to them, as they found the order for the fifty copies when they examined our papers.

I should certainly have stated it had it occurred to my mind whilst I was speaking.

I would here beg leave to state that my friend Mr. Randall, says here, in New York, that he sold the Uncle Tom's Cabin freely.

The Rev. Mr. Millburn told me in presence of the Harpers, that he requested Mr. T. J. Carver to order a large number of copies, and that when they arrived he sent members of his congregation and others to purchase them.

They were sold as openly as any other book in nearly all our Southern cities.

When I retired from the Committee room I was kindly accompanied by Dr. Woodcock. I at once requested my partner, who was waiting for me, to go in, and himself be examined. The Doctor remarked it was not necessary, but he could go if he liked. I urged him to go as I wished the matter thoroughly sifted, and at once.

He was also examined by the Committee:

On Thursday morning, Mayor Withers sent Captain Maury down to say that he would like us to come up to the Mayor's office on Friday morning to be examined before him.

I was very glad the matter had taken this shape, feeling we had nothing to fear from any judicial investigation.

I called on Mayor Withers at once and thanked him for the course he had seen fit to pursue; stated to him that as the rumour had been traced to the Rev. Mr. Hawthorne, I hoped he would have him present also.

Captain Maury who was present, replied he would see to it and have him there.

I suggested to the Mayor that he appoint a committee to examine our stock, invoices, correspondence inventories, &c., &c., that we would give every facility in our power.

He hesitated a moment, then said, "Well, come up on Saturday morning." I said, "Is it best, sir?" He replied, "Yes, Saturday morning."

After I left that evening on the Junior, to cross the bay to my family, a committee called and got our invoices, correspondence, &c., and sent for more on Friday morning. I do not know if they were appointed by the original committee or by the Mayor.

I now believe, had Mayor Withers examined us on Friday morning, as he originally intended, the result of that examination would have been favourable to us. To his delay I attribute the terrible disastrous results which have followed.

The Examining Committee, I have every reason to believe, selected the course which seemed to them best; but it is certainly very evident now, that they made a great mistake in their report, when, instead of giving the facts, and informing the public what we had done, and what we had sold, and to whom, and under what circumstances, when, I say, in place of these facts, they said:

The character of the evidence, and of the books brought before the committee, is such that it was thought not only injudicious but unsafe and dangerous to make them public.

They unquestionably pursued that course which was naturally calculated to mystify and leave to the imagination of each reader to conjure up what it was we had been selling and doing.

When I returned to the city on Friday morning the excitement was intense.

Contrary to my own judgment, but with the advice, I may almost say coërcion, of many friends, it was deemed but prudent for me to absent myself from the city, and take with me my partner. We crossed the bay in an open sail boat, rode in my buggy to Wetherford's, and took the stage to Montgomery, and so on by the mail route to New York.

I had hoped these facts would have been made known through the medium of a friend; and did think my absence would tend to allay the excitement.

I erred, sadly erred, in my judgment. Facts have not been given; rumour, with her ten thousand lies has been busy, very busy.

A chain of evidence wholly false, of a character calculated to excite the masses, has been forged, which, I can readily see, I cannot unaided and alone (and who dare aid me?) rend asunder.

I must submit to the blow, and must again find in some new field an opening for my business energy; and feel that many years of life have been wasted in laying the foundation of a prosperous business, only to be ruthlessly destroyed when everything seemed the most bright and promising.

I love Mobile and its people, they are a whole souled race. They have done much for me and mine, the remembrance of which can never be erased from my memory.

Whoever says or insinuates that I have ever intentionally done aught except what was manly, right and just to its people or its institutions, states that which is wholly untrue, and impossible to be substantiated by a shadow of evidence.

The annexed statement of our clerk, Mr. F. C. Babcock, which was sworn by him before the Mayor of New York, will corroborate my own, and will satisfy the public of the extent to which we have been dealers in or disseminators of abolition documents in any shape.

I was in the employ of Strickland & Co., booksellers, Mobile, from November 23, 1854, to July 12, 1856, in the capacity of salesman.

During the period, but more especially during the last twelve months of my service, I generally wrote all the orders for books, and when they arrived it was my special duty to open them, compare them with the invoices, and mark the cost price in them.

In the Fall of 1855, several friends of the house called and wished to procure a copy of Fred. Douglass's "Bondage and Freedom," then just announced.

The question was canvassed as to the propriety of ordering a few copies. Mr. Strickland was appealed to, and replied, we might order two copies, which was done.

When they arrived, I placed one of them on Mr. Strickland's desk, and drew his attention to it. It lay there several days, and was eventually placed with the other copy on the shelves with books of a similar size, in the rear of the store.

No other copies of the work were ordered or received during my stay with the firm.

When we took inventory of stock in June, 1856, the same two copies which were ordered as above, were then in the store, and were by me written in the inventory blotter; and from that blotter copied into the inventory book by Mr. Strickland.

My position and duties in the house were such as to render impossible the introduction of any new books without my knowledge.

My constant employment in the book department of their business necessarily rendered me more familiar with that class of their stock than either of my employers, or any clerk in the house.

I took a complete list of their book stock in 1855, and also in 1856; and do positively state that the only books in their possession of an incendiary character during the whole period of my stay with them, was one copy of "Autographs of Freedom," the two copies of Fred. Douglass's book, ordered in the Fall of 1855, and one copy of the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," all of which books were, to the best of my knowledge and belief, in their store when I left their employ on the 12th of July, 1856.

There were some novels in their stock which had been condemned, and were to be returned to New York with other goods.

My thorough knowledge of books, and general intimacy with all books published in the United States, enable me to say that I know no other books than those above mentioned of an incendiary or abolition character were in their stock during my services.

FRANKLIN C. BABCOCK.

Sworn to before me, this 29th August, 1856.

Fernando Wood, Mayor of the City of New York.

The following extract is from a letter which I have received since I have been here.

It is written by one of the members of the Committee of Investigation.

He will, I have no doubt, pardon the use I make of it, when he reflects how highly, very highly, I must prize such evidence under the circumstances.

Did I have the privilege of giving his name, the influence it would carry would go far to convince the most skeptical, how very little I have done to merit the odium now attached to my name in the minds of Southern men.

I give the first page of his letter entire, without the slightest alteration:

Mobile, August 23, 1856.

Dear Sir: Your letter of the 18 from Augusta reached me to day, and you will perhaps be surprised to learn that the tide has not changed any in your favour since your departure.

I presume some of your friends have written you letters which will reach you before this.

I was placed on the Committee of Investigation, and acted with no other view than that of doing you justice and keeping down mob law; for, although you had acted indiscreetly, I did not believe, nor do I now believe, that the idea ever entered your head of doing mischief by disseminating incendiary publications.

The mob feeling was so strong against you the first night (although I myself saw nothing to criminate you) that it was with difficulty some of us could even get the meeting to consent to the appointment of a committee of investigation to inquire fully into the facts of the case.

I have in this communication given to the public all the facts in my possession.

All the terrible rumours—beyond these simple facts—which exist, are wholly unconnected with any action of the committee, so far as I know.

The committee charges us—

1st. With having sold two copies of "My Bondage and Freedom."

2d. With selling one copy of "Autographs of Freedom."

3d. We are charged with selling novels containing abolition sentiments.

4th. We are charged with ordering fifty copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

5th. I am charged with lying before them.

The circumstances of the sale of the two copies of "My Bondage and Freedom" are as follows:

When we had completed our inventory in June last I had books which had been kept in the back part of our store, brought and placed on our front tables. Amongst the books thus moved forward was one of the two copies of Douglass's book which were in our possession.

A New Orleans gentleman dropped into the store wanting something to read as he went up the river.

In looking over the stock, he finds this copy of "Douglass," and remarks to my partner, "Do they allow you to keep such stuff in your bookstores here?" His reply was, "Not exactly, though people here claim the right to read pretty much what they please."

The gentleman replied "that such books would not be allowed in New Orleans."

As I was not present, I do not profess to give the literal words used, but I believe I give the spirit of the remarks.

He bought some other book and left, and my partner replaced the book in the back part of our store.

This gentleman travelled up the river with the Rev. Mr. Hawthorne, of Mobile, and told him he had seen such and such a book at Strickland's store.

The Rev. Mr. Hawthorne tells Col. Jones, whilst on a visit to his house, the same thing. The Colonel requests him, if such is the case, to buy one and send it to him.

When the Rev. Mr. Hawthorne returns to the city, he sends his son-in-law, Dr. Cragin, to buy the books. He buys two (all we have), takes one himself, and orders the other to be charged and sent to Col. Jones. I was not present at the time of the purchase.

Mr. Philip, our clerk who sold the "Autographs of Freedom," states regarding its sale as follows.

A young gentleman who is clerk in Mr. Saloman's cigar store (his name I do not know), stopped in front of our store, accompanied by a friend, and said to him, "come in, I want to buy some Sabbath school book, and want you to help me make the selection."

They entered the store, and were waited on by Mr. Upson, who met them at the front counter.

The young man talked with Mr. Upson about the school books, whilst his friend went directly to the shelves beyond the middle of the store, took down a book, handed it to me, and said, "What is the price of that?" I replied, "one dollar." He said, "I will take it." I put our stamp on it, wrapped it up and handed it to him; he paid me for it, and both gentlemen immediately left without purchasing any Sabbath school books.

If I have done aught other than what I have stated above, it is unknown to me.

I challenge any proof that by word or deed I have, directly or indirectly, in any form or shape, attempted or desired, during any period of my life, to circulate any abolition document, sentiment or anything else which could in any way tend to promulgate anti-slavery views beyond the above facts.

My whole life at the South gives the lie direct to any such assertion.

The ten thousand lies and rumours in circulation which have become engrafted on the above facts are false from beginning to end. William Strickland.

Bixby's Hotel, New York, September 6, 1856.

## *GREASY MECHANICS AND FILTHY OPERATIVES.*

[The *Evening Post* replies to a foul-mouthed and abusive Southern newspaper in the following quiet but effective manner. The allusion is to Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, who is a native of this city.]

The *Muscogee Herald*, a fervent Buchanier journal printed in Alabama, thus discourses of free labor and its disgusting incidents:

"Free Society! We sicken of the name. What is it but a conglomeration of greasy mechanics, filthy operatives, small-fisted farmers, and moon-struck theorists? All the Northern, and especially the New England States, are devoid of society fitted for a well-bred gentleman. The prevailing class one meets with is that of mechanics struggling to be genteel, and small farmers who do their own drudgery, and yet who are hardly fit for association with a Southern gentleman's body-servant. This is your free society which the Northern hordes are endeavouring to extend into Kansas."

*Quere.* In this allusion to "greasy mechanics and filthy operatives," can there be any intention to reflect offensively upon the distinguished son of a well-approved candle manufacturer in this city, who proclaimed a few days since, in a letter to his constituents in Louisiana, that "if Fremont be elected, the Union cannot and ought not to be preserved," and who felt constrained to add that his "proud spirit" would be particularly inconvenienced by the triumph of the Republican candidate?

If such an illusion was intended, what encouragement is there at the South for a man to have a spirit above his father's business? in what respect is the son of a candle-maker better off there than the original moulder and dipper? That is the question. We trust it will receive the prompt attention of the First Southern Congress after the dissolution, and that all the greasy mechanics and filthy operatives in the land, including candle-makers and their proud spirited sons, will do the best they can, in view of the present high price of tallow, to throw some light upon the subject.

## *FERRETING OUT INCENDIARY PUBLICATIONS AT THE SOUTH BY A CLERGYMAN.*

In ascending the Alabama river, about five weeks since, I casually engaged in a conversation with a gentleman from Louisiana, in course of which he remarked, that while in Mobile he went to the bookstore of Messrs. Strickland & Co., and was greatly astonished to find that they kept Fred. Douglass's book for sale.

I was greatly astonished to hear that such a book was offered for sale in a Southern community, and stated to the gentleman on my return, and if I found it to be true, I should consider it an imperative duty to bring it to the notice of the public.

Accordingly, on my return to the city, I communicated the substance of the above stated conversation to my son-in-law Dr. Cragin, and requested him to call at the store of Strickland & Co., inquire for the book, and if it was there for sale to purchase a copy for me, and have one sent to Colonel Jones, of Camden, which, I understand, was done. After reading the copy purchased for myself, and finding it to be of a most incendiary, nefarious character, I communicated the facts to others, and that led to the public meeting and other proceedings, adopted in relation to Strickland & Upton and which it is unnecessary to repeat.

My reason for bringing this topic again to the notice of the public is, that reports have grown out of it injurious to me, if any should be credulous enough to believe them, and which are entirely false; but more especially because it has been reported, and I am informed is believed, by some persons in the city of Mobile, that the book in question had been found in possession of some of the colored congregation under my charge, than which nothing can, so far as I know or believe, be more entirely destitute of any foundation in truth.

I have made the most diligent search, and have not found, nor do I believe that said book, or any of kindred character has ever been, knowingly, read by any of the colored people under my pastoral charge.

K. Hawthorn.


# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1856.


## *MR. BANKS IN WALL STREET.*

A notable feature of the campaign in this city, was the speech of Mr. Speaker Banks from the steps of the Exchange in Wall street, on Thursday of last week. The scene is described by those who saw it as a grand one—as indeed a multitude of men in masses always is. The crowd was very great, and is variously estimated from five to fifty thousand, according to the political proclivities of the spectator—the ardent Republican seeing double with both of his enthusiastic eyes, his sneering opponent allowing as many as he thought there ought to be, and as few as his arithmetical conscience would permit. A fair estimate of the ground covered would probably return from ten to twelve thousand persons.

Mr. Banks, it is said, looked the Speaker. Calm, self-possessed, of a dignified and handsome presence, he stood relieved against a massive granite pillar, and made his fine, sonorous voice distinctly audible to a large proportion of the immense and attentive crowd before him. The assembly itself was composed of the well-looking, respectable, intelligent men of a great commercial community, who had come out from their counting-houses, offices, and banks to listen to the well-considered discourse of a thoughtful and distinguished statesman upon great public measures. The element of rowdyism, and the material of mobs, seemed altogether wanting, except that far out upon the outskirts of the crowd, a band of Custom-House officials and "shoulder-hitters" attempted to create a disturbance and diversion, under the lead of the notorious Rynders, who, with an instinctive sense that one idiot would not be enough for the emergency, brought another with him, whom he mounted upon a cart, and incited to a speech. But this Democratic proceeding was brought to a speedy and inglorious termination by the police.

The meeting was presided over by a Mr. McCurdy, a dry-goods trader, and one of the few surviving of the martyrs who saved the Union six years ago in Castle Garden, where he was a vice-president. On the list of other officers were some of the names of our best known and most esteemed merchants. So much for the occasion.

The speech was one of great ability. Mr. Banks never forgot that he stood in Wall street, and, in the presence of men in whose hands centre the financial and commercial affairs of a continent. His aim was to show that in these relations the cause he advocated was intimately connected, and even identified, with the interest of his hearers. The unities of time and place were thus studiously respected. Nothing was said to startle prejudice, and as little as could be to arouse opposition. Even the bulls and bears, at the mouth of whose den the speaker stood, must, had they been in session, have intermitted their usual quarrels and gambols to listen to the aspirations and prophecies of the four coming years of commercial prosperity, and the magnificent promise of great financial operations, involving the investment of hundreds of millions of dollars. The theme of the discourse was altogether skilfully and even eloquently handled, and probably there were none of that congregation of merchants who did not return to their traffic, or their homes, with an added sense of the dignity of their calling, whatever may have been their political predilections.

But great as the speech was, and peculiarly adapted to its auditors, there were some—we hope, many—who felt in listening to it, an aching void. Underneath this Republican movement, of which Mr. Banks stood there as the foremost champion, lies a question the value of which can not be computed in gold and silver, and of far more momentous interest to this country and this time, than all the commerce of the world, and all the schemes of finance that brokers have ever dreamed of in their most ecstatic moments. How noble a use might have been made of such an occasion to pour into those unaccustomed ears a new lesson in political economy such as Wall Street has never listened to, and a purpose in politics which her old men have forgotten, and her young men have never learned! The orator might have bade them look through his eyes upon that vast Western world, stretching away to the setting sun, as fresh as if just from the hand of God, awaiting the generations yet unborn to cover it, either with a host of mighty freemen, blessing it with free labor, free speech, free schools, and a free church, and the industry, the prosperity, the plenty, and the civilization that wait on Freedom; or, else to be cursed with the pestilent presence of the slave-driver bringing, in the train of his coffles of wretched and trembling slaves, the indolence, the ignorance, the want, and the barbarism that attend on slavery. And it need have been no fancy picture. To men who pride themselves on being practical he could have shown the relative condition of the North and South, and have pointed them, for illustration, to the ravished and impoverished soil, and wasted plantations of Virginia, where the howl of the wolf is heard again in its recovered wilderness, and to his own Massachusetts filled from its Western borders to the sea with the busy hum of industry, as living evidences of the immutable, eternal law of slave labour and free labour. Such an opportunity occurs not often to any man to teach a grand lesson, and preach a grand duty, and had Mr. Banks been faithful to it, he might, perhaps, have sent many a man back to his daily heaping-up of riches with not merely a higher notion of the greatness of commerce, but with an added sense of his dignity as a man, and a firm resolve that Republicanism should be the first fruits of his new light and faith.

But Mr. Banks seemed rather to remember the presence in which he stood than the cause which he came to advocate; that the men who surrounded him were those whose ships dotted all the seas, rather than as fellow-citizens who had votes to give, and who needed intelligent guidance; men, some of them, at least, who had "saved the Union," but who needed to be taught that to save some other things the Union had better "slide."

Of course he did not play the play of Hamlet without the Hamlet altogether. It would have been better if he had. To Slavery, and the relation of his party to it, he alluded in these terms:

"I speak for that portion of the Northern people, in another part of the Confederacy, with whom I am associated, and not for you. The question is not that we shall legislate against the South upon the question of slavery. It is not that we shall legislate upon the question of the Fugitive Slave law. *We don't raise the question whether, in the future extension of our territory, slavery shall be prohibited or no. We abandon all these questions,* and we stand upon this distinct simple proposition—that that which gave peace to the country in 1820, and that which secured the peace of the country in 1850, ought to be made good by the Government of the United States with the consent of the American people (great applause). *That is all we ask—no more, no less, no better and no worse*—that the spirit of the acts of 1820 and 1850 shall be made good in 1856 by the American people of the South, let me say, as well as the North, in the place of the conflagration, murder and civil war that now prevail in Kansas. *To do this, no legislation is required, and it is not necessary that the Halls of Congress should be again opened to agitation.* We desire the election of a President of the United States with simple views and determined will, who will exert the influence of the Government in that portion of the territory of the United States, *and allow the people of this country to settle the question of slavery for themselves there* (applause). We ask no more than this, and when we have succeeded in the Presidential election before us, as in the grace of God we shall and will succeed (great applause)—and the fact is proclaimed that Fremont is elected, Kansas will be again restored to freedom without legislative act or the interference of the hand of the Government in any way (applause). So much, gentlemen, for the remedy in regard to Kansas that we propose. It is a simple, feasible, and statesmanlike proposition. Effect the settlement of this question, and you remove a question of agitation and give again the peace which it enjoyed in 1852."

We have waited nearly a week for an explanation, from some of our Republican contemporaries, of this extraordinary language, but have waited in vain. They can hardly have overlooked it, and it is impossible that we can mistake its meaning. If it was a trick to catch votes, what faith can we have in a party whose representative men dare not avow its principles? But if Mr. Banks speaks truthfully here for his associates we shall learn none too soon the true character of Republicanism.

For if there ever was a party which should be required to make its principles clearly understood, and which should bind itself, by every pledge of honour and good faith that such an organization can give, to abide by those principles, it is the Republican party; and all the more, that it is generally understood that they make and accept, in this campaign, but a single issue. No man in it can or should speak with more authority than he who fills now, and probably will continue to fill, in case of the election of Mr. Fremont, the third office of dignity and influence in the Government. What then are we to understand from the propositions here laid down by Mr. Banks? That his party will not legislate upon the question of slavery in the States—if this is what he means—we knew already; indeed, so far from finding fault with this declaration, we contend that such legislation is not a legitimate function of any political party, under the present Constitution. That it will not move for a repeal of the cruel and infamous Fugitive Slave law, we have been compelled reluctantly to believe, though not yet persuaded to forgive. But on one point we thought we were sure of them—that they had the will, and, if they ever had the power, would find the way to prohibit forever the extension of Slavery into new Territories. No more slave States, we had hoped, at least, was the great national measure which would signalize the era of their accession to government, as certainly it has been the rallying cry which has brought multitudes to their standard. If we could not hail it as an anti-slavery party, we have believed it worthy of a welcome as an anti-extension-of-slavery party. We have doubted, as we still doubt, whether it would have the opportunity of enrolling Kansas in the sisterhood of free States; but we had been disposed to look upon it as a guaranty of the perpetual Northern prohibition of the existence of slavery in any national domain hereafter to be acquired, and in any State that should hereafter ask for admission to the Union. The tide of Northern anti-slavery sentiment had reached, we trusted, at least, to that height, that it would tolerate no more slavery than that which we are bound by the National Compact to let alone; and the Republican party we felt authorized to accept as a permanent organization till it should be superseded by another which should be wise enough and humane enough to consider the present and the actual, as well as the possible and the future enslavement of their fellow-creatures and their fellow-countrymen.

But we have been wofully mistaken all the time, if Mr. Banks speaks with authority. The best we are to hope for from the triumph of Republicanism is the inauguration of Squatter Sovereignty under new auspices. The defect in that device of Messrs. Cass and Douglass is not, after all, inherent, but in its vicious management. The spirit of the Compromise of 1820—to uphold which was a just political damnation to every Northern politician of that day—and the spirit of the Compromise of 1850—which offered to the lowest grade of United States officials a direct bribe for activity in returning fugitive slaves to bondage, is to be the spirit of the new dispensation which is to bring peace to the country, and good will between the North and the South. Agitation is no longer to be admitted to the halls of Congress; legislation to prohibit the extension of slavery will not be needed; and the one sole duty of the Federal Government will be to fulfil the office of an honest bottle-holder. It is only to see fair play between the North and the South. Border Ruffianism, whether from slave States or free States is to be put down with the strong hand. There shall be no prohibition of slavery, and no "ensurance of a Republican Government." Freemen and slaveholders are to fight it out with ballots and propaganda, and the strongest shall win. The "simple, feasible and statesmanlike proposition" of Mr. Speaker Banks is that slavery may go where it will, if there are more who will vote in favour of it than will vote against it. It is an application of the plausible doctrine of *laissez faire*, but where then is an immense disparity, from local circumstances and interested zeal, between the contending parties; one, for the sake of freedom, needing constant watchfulness and legislative care, the other, for the sake of slavery, only asking to be let alone. If this be statesmanship then the Jeffersonian Proviso was a mistake, and all that there was in the Missouri Compromise which made it tolerable to the North was a blunder. In short, the rights of slaveholders and the rights of freemen, as such, are equal, and we want no agitation and no legislation in Congress, because the right of the former to go with their institutions and their property into the Federal domain, is precisely the same as that of the latter, provided always that no ruffianism, no violence is used; and that, and that only, it is the duty of the Federal Government to guard against.

Now, is this the great boon which we are to expect from Fremont's election? Is this the feast to which we are bidden? Is this the stone we are to receive for bread? the serpent which is to sting us when we ask for a fish? Mr. Banks, we know it will be answered, is not the party; and, we reply, that neither is the party Mr. Banks. We do not doubt that there are multitudes and multitudes of quiet though earnest men in town and country, all over the Northern States, who would repel with indignation the notion that the doctrine which Mr. Banks preached in Wall street—in the extract we have made—is the doctrine of Republicanism. Granted; and therein Mr. Banks is not the party. But consider also that Mr. Banks is in a position of great responsibility as Speaker of the House of Representatives, where he is likely to be, with the power, in large measure, of moulding the legislation of the country; that he is one of the ablest and most influential, if not *the* ablest and most influential, of the Republican leaders; that his judgment and opinions, more than those of any other man, will be likely to direct the counsels and shape the course of his party; and that it is quite improbable, moreover, that on such an occasion, as this at the Exchange, he would give utterance to sentiments opposed and unsustained by those held by his friends, and that, therefore, however true it may be that Mr. Banks is not the party, that it is no less true that the party is not Mr. Banks; and though the rank and file, at their distant homes, in their workshops, their counting-houses, and on their farms, may repudiate this exposition of Republicanism which so delighted the people of Wall street, yet the policy of the party will be settled at Washington by Mr. Banks and a few of his associates.

It is no new thing for principles and policy to differ. Leaders and followers have often, ere this, been at variance. And even if in this case we have only room for a doubt, we suggest it as a serious consideration for such Abolitionists as are disposed to vote, whether the moral wealth and strength of the anti-slavery movement is so boundless that we can afford to squander it in a movement of the possible character of which Mr. Banks has thus forewarned us.

Sound Doctrine.—The Rev. E. H. Chapin, in a recent discourse from his own pulpit, declared that he honoured first of all the man who came out boldly for the right, and next to him the man who came out openly and bravely for the wrong; while he despised as the meanest of men he who would not commit himself to either, but was forever trying to dodge between the two.

The National Era, in a late number, says: "That the class of Radical Abolitionists to which Mr. Goodell and Mr. Gerrit Smith belong are the very antipodes, in constitutional theories, of the class of Radicals represented by Messrs. Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. The latter run into the opposite extreme, of maintaining that the Federal Constitution is thoroughly pro-slavery." This is all fair and true. The essential and radical difference between those who represent the American Anti-Slavery Society and the upholders—as Gerrit Smith and William Goodell are—of Lysander Spooner's doctrine, is precisely this: the former accept, as the *Era* itself does, the popular and all but universal interpretation of the Constitution in relation to slavery; the latter maintain the forced and absurd doctrine that slavery is unconstitutional because it is impossible to legalize wrong. The first accept the self-evident proposition that two and two make four, and abide by the consequences though it cheat them out of their birth-right; the second, unconsciously warped by that inevitable tendency to crooked and deceitful ways which has become our national characteristic, and which is one of the many blessings for which we have to thank slavery, endeavour by a forced, though ingenious logical process to make two and two make five.

If the *Era* had said only this of us, we should have had no fault to find with it. But it adds—still speaking of the "Radicals represented by Messrs. Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips," and their view of the Federal Constitution—that they maintain "that Calhoun was its true interpreter—*and that the aims, efforts, and successful labours of the propagandists of slavery are all in accordance with the spirit and letter of the Constitution!* Hence, they are disunionists."

We suppose that the editor of the *Era* (or whoever is his *locum tenens*, for the article we refer to is signed, though a leader, with an initial) considers himself both a Christian and a gentleman, and in the ordinary, private, intercourse of life is careful to abstain from slandering his neighbours by uttering deliberate and barefaced falsehoods. We suppose that he would be both shocked and outraged if, in a circle of his friends, an accusation that he was guilty of such acts, was made to his face; and, for aught we know to the contrary, they would be surprised if his accuser fortified the accusation by unquestionable proof. And yet as *editor* he, in these three lines we quote, does that which would brand, in private life, the professor of Christianity as a hypocrite, and ensure the pretender to ordinary good breeding a rigid exclusion from all decent society. For he deliberately, and of "malice aforethought," bears false witness against his neighbour, and is guilty of falsehood uttered without hesitation, without apology, and without a blush.

We mean to designate this act of the *Era's* in decorous and unexceptionable terms, but we wish, at the same time, that its character should be clearly understood. The editor of that paper knows perfectly well—knows from long and familiar intercourse with some of the class of men referred to—knows from his long experience of nearly twenty years as a professing anti-slavery editor—knows from his necessary familiarity with the history of the Anti-Slavery cause (and whoever is trusted with his paper ought to know), that from the first moment of the issue of the *Liberator* to this present moment, that cause, as represented by Garrison and Phillips, and their friends, has been the stern and uncompromising opponent of the Calhoun doctrine—that indeed it is *now*, always has been, and always will be, an *anti*-slavery cause precisely because it has opposed "the aims, efforts and successful labours of the propagandists of slavery." Garrison, and Phillips, and all who work with them, agree with the slaveholders in this and this only—that the Constitution of the United States is pro-slavery inasmuch as in certain cases it requires certain service for slavery, and gives to slavery a certain recognition and privilege; and they are in unity with them in nothing else, either in word, or in deed, or in spirit. And so far the *Era* agrees with them also. Indeed, the very article from which we quote is to show, in opposition to the doctrine of Mr. Goodell and his party, that the only consistent, common-sense, and honest interpretation of the Constitution is that which acknowledges its recognition of slavery and the service which it exacts.

Up to this point, then, there is no difference in the relation which the *Era* and ourselves sustain to the slaveholders; but from this point we depart widely. We are not willing to support a pro-slavery Constitution; the *Era* is. We are not willing to make a specific promise to do a certain thing which we do not intend to do; the *Era* is. We are not willing to bind ourselves by a solemn oath to adhere to a compact which we intend to break; the *Era* is. And finally, we do not believe that the way to kill a thing is to cherish it; that the way to conquer an enemy, is to submit to him; the way to be virtuous, is to commit vice; the way to establish right, is to uphold wrong; the way to be truthful, is to lie; the way to be honest, is to cheat; but against all such radical and fanatical notions the *Era* must be understood as protesting. It will not adopt on the one hand the unpopular notion that the Constitution is anti-slavery, for that involves, as a legitimate deduction, the advocacy of immediate measures on the part of the Federal Government for the abolition of slavery; and it will not advocate such measures because it believes the Constitution to be pro-slavery; but it nevertheless can act as freely under the Constitution as if Mr. Goodell's doctrine had come to it as a new Gospel. Its premises and conclusions are indisputable enough by themselves, or in their proper connection; the difficulty is that they are made to do this sort of interchangable service.

The *Era* is at liberty to boil the penitential peas with which its shoes are filled, but because it thereby secures easy travelling for itself, it is not, therefore, justified in indulging in sneers and reproaches at those who have no such soft and comfortable footing. "Easy as lying" is a proverb, and it is just so easy to heap abuse and misrepresentation upon the Abolitionists. But is it not about time that we should insist upon it that such papers as the *Era* and the *Tribune*, if they speak of us at all, should speak the truth?

### *BREATHING THE AIR OF FREEDOM.*

[Extract of a private letter, communicated for The Standard.]

Niagara Falls, Sept. 12th, 1856.

My Dear Friend: I have just returned from Canada to-day. I gave one lecture at Toronto, which was well attended. * * * Well, I have gazed for the first time upon Free Land! And would you believe it, tears sprang to my eyes, and I wept. Oh! it was a glorious sight to gaze for the first time on a land where a poor slave, flying from our glorious land of liberty (!), would in a moment find his fetters broken, his shackles loosed, and whatever he was in the land of Washington, beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument, or even Plymouth Rock, *here* he becomes "a man and a brother."

I had gazed on Harper's Ferry, or rather the Rock at the Ferry, towering up in simple grandeur with the gentle Potomac gliding peacefully by, and felt that that was God's Masonry; and my soul had expanded in gazing on its sublimity. I had seen the Ocean surging its wild chorous of sounding waves, and ecstacy had thrilled upon the living chords of my heart. I have since then seen the rainbow-crowned Niagara, girdled with grandeur, and robed with glory, chanting the choral hymn of Omnipotence, but none of these sights have melted me as the first sight of Free Land.

Towering mountains, lifting their hoary summits to catch the first faint flush of day when the sunbeams kiss the shadows from morning's drowsy face, may expand and exalt your soul. The first view of the ocean may fill you with strange ecstacy and delight. Niagara, the great, the glorious Niagara, may hush your spirit with its ceaseless thunder; it may charm you with its robe of crested spray and rainbow crown; but the land of Freedom has a lesson of deeper significance than foaming waves or towering mountains. * * * * * *

Frances E. Watkins.

The Christian Examiner for September contains seven articles, as follows:

I. The Written Word and the Christian Consciousness. By Rev. Oliver Stearns.
II. Family Worship. By Rev. A. B. Muzzey.
III. Recent German Literature. By Edward J. Young.
IV. Peaceful Treatment of Slavery. By Hon. Samuel A. Eliot.
V. Gilliss's Expedition to the Southern Hemisphere. By C. C. Smith.
VI. Unitarianism and Orthodoxy on the Scriptures. By Rev. Geo. E. Ellis.
VII. Milman's Latin Christianity. By Rev. Dr. N. L. Frothingham.

By far the ablest of these papers is that of Mr. Ellis on the Bible, and the weakest of all is that of Mr. Eliot on Slavery. Indeed the latter is so utterly and irredeemably flat, that we wonder how the editor of the *Examiner* can excuse himself to his readers for wasting so much of his space. New York: C. S. Francis & Co., 554 Broadway.

## *POLITICS.*

The Indianapolis *State Journal* expresses the belief that Judge Morton, the Republican candidate for Governor, will be elected by 12,000 majority. The State election takes place on the 14th inst.

——A Fremont electoral ticket for Maryland has been nominated. The pro-slavery papers assert—we know not with how much truth—that some of the nominees will not consent to run, and that the Republicans of the State are not agreed as to the expediency of having a ticket.

——A Virginia correspondent of *The Herald*, himself a slaveholder, declares that the Know-Nothings of that State have no hope of electing Fillmore, and really prefer Fremont to Buchanan. Botts, the leader of the party, is believed to be an aspirant for a place in Fremont's Cabinet. The Buchanan Democracy threaten to blow the Union all to pieces if Fremont is elected. We only wish they may do it.

——California, if we may place any confidence in the judgment of well-informed persons, and if the latest indications do not deceive us, is likely to go for Fremont. The Republicans have nominated for Congress, Ira P. Rankin of San Francisco, Southern District; Thomas Cox of Plumas, Northern District. Lewis C. Gunn, formerly of Philadelphia, where he was well known as an Abolitionist, is on the Fremont electoral ticket.

——At a State Convention, held in the city of Wheeling, Va., on the 18th ult., a Fremont electoral ticket was nominated as follows:

*Senatorial Electors.*—J. C. Underwood, of Clark County; Thomas J. Hewitt, of Hancock County.

*District Electors.*—1, Joseph Applegate; 2, Joseph Ludwig; 3, John Atkinson; 4, George Whittum; 5, D. H. Fravil; 6, J. B. Brown; 7, C. D. Gillingham; 8, George Rye; 9, Dr. Levi Pitman; 10, Richard Breniman; 11, O. W. Roberts; 12, Joseph Barr; 13, Asa Banning.

The Convention was undisturbed, the slaveholders having come to the conclusion that the attempt to put down free speech in Western Virginia would only injure their own cause.

The Constitution.—A new edition of the valuable compilation made several years ago by Wendell Phillips, from the Madison Papers, and other sources, is just published. It is a work of great value, and ought to be in every man's hands who has any doubt of the character of the Constitution he lives and acts under, and is particularly timely at this moment. We commend it to those who are going to vote "just for this once" for Mr. Banks's party. In his introduction Mr. Phillips says:

"It will require a very strong argument to make any candid man believe, that the bargain which our fathers tell us they meant to incorporate into the Constitution, and which the sons have always thought they found there incorporated, does not exist there, after all. Forty of the shrewdest men and lawyers in the land assemble to make a bargain, among other things, about slaves. After months of anxious deliberation, they put it into writing, and sign their names to the instrument. Fifty years roll away—twenty millions, at least, of their children pass over the stage of life—courts sit and pass judgment—parties arise and struggle fiercely; still, all concur in finding in the instrument just that meaning which the fathers tell us they intended to express: must not he be a desperate man who, after all this, sets out to prove that the fathers were bunglers and the sons fools, and that slavery is not referred to at all?"

"If, then, the Constitution be what these debates show that our fathers intended to make it, and what, too, their descendants, this nation, say they did make it and agree to uphold—then we affirm that it is 'a covenant with death and an agreement with hell,' and ought to be immediately annulled. No Abolitionist can consistently take office under it, or swear to support it."

The table of contents is as follows:

Introduction, by Mr. Phillips; Debates in the Congress of the Confederation and in the Federal Convention; List of Members of the Federal Convention; Speech of Luther Martin; Debates in the following State Conventions: Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina; Extracts from "The Federalist"; Debates of First Congress; Address of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society; Letter from Francis Jackson to Governor Briggs; Extract from Mr. Webster's Speech; Extracts from John Quincy Adams's Address, November, 1844; Testimonials respecting the Pro-Slavery Character of the Constitution, in extracts from the Speeches of Joshua R. Giddings, Charles Sumner, Horace Mann, William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker, Ex-Governor William Slade, Stephen C. Phillips, Josiah Quincy, Senior, and Judge Story; Judicial Expositions and Decisions by the United States Supreme Court; Admissions of Mr. Underwood of Kentucky, Mr. Arnold of Tennessee, and the Editor of the Marysville (Tennessee) *Intelligencer*.

Symptoms of Rebellion.—The following paragraph from the Virginia correspondence of the *Herald* reveals a state of feeling in the Western portion of that State which encourages the hope that the non-slaveholders will not always consent to bear the onerous burdens imposed upon them by the slave-breeding oligarchy of the Eastern Shore.

"A law entitled 'A bill for the better protection of the slave property of the commonwealth,' passed the Legislature of this State last winter. Its execution, which contemplates the appointment of river police, the employment, if I mistake not, of cutters, or one or two small steamers in the Chesepeake bay, with power to search all vessels leaving James river, as also the payment of a reward of $500 out of the public treasury to any persons apprehending an abductor of slaves, involves an expense to which most of the residents in north-western Virginia are very unwilling to submit, not being slaveholders. During a recent travel through the Counties bordering on the Ohio, I learned that the greatest dissatisfaction existed because of the burdens which this enactment will impose upon them. They say that it is unjust to subject them to a tax for the protection of property they do not hold and feel interested in. Enraged by this unjust impost, many in that region—in fact the great majority—will undoubtedly go for Fremont. Even before any such cause of estrangement was given, several in these north-western Counties were largely tinged with Free Soilism; but this act has added materially to the number hitherto in existence, and given a fresh impulse to the movement. The fact is, that if vote by ballot existed in Virginia thousands would be found voting on the side of Fremont; but with the existing system, and the overwhelming preponderance of the Slave Power, an act of the sort would involve no little risk for the unfortunate voter. I am myself a slaveholder, and I condemn this system of coërcion or intimidation in regard to voting. Every man should enjoy the privilege of exercising the right of suffrage in any manner he pleased."

Radical Abolition Nominations.—The following nominations were made by the Radical Abolitionists at their Convention recently held at Syracuse:

ELECTORS AT LARGE.

S. S. Jocelyn, of Brooklyn,
Dr. James Fuller, of Syracuse.

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

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| 1. Dr. J. McCune Smith. | 17. John W. Hill. |
| 2. W. W. Chapman. | 18. Robert Pike. |
| 3. J. C. Harrington. | 19. Jeremiah Coon. |
| 4. Jacob Kendall. | 20. Aaron Stedman. |
| 5. Hiram Gilbert. | 21. C. M. Waterman. |
| 6. Seymour Cox. | 22. Reuben Wilcox. |
| 7. Hiram B. Lewis. | 23. John Wait. |
| 8. Charles Barstow. | 24. Elisha Allis. |
| 9. Apollos Smith. | 25. Edward H. Hunt. |
| 10. Charles D. B. Mills. | 26. William Day. |
| 11. James L. Le Baron. | 27. Otis Simmons. |
| 12. Samuel Salisbury. | 28. Wright Clapp. |
| 13. Montgomery Merrick. | 29. Ralston W. Lyman. |
| 14. Lucius J. Ormsbee. | 30. George Candee. |
| 15. Noble O. Ruggles. | 31. Insley Douglass. |
| 16. James Morwick. | 32. Melson A. Frost. |

33. Marcus Stickney.

STATE OFFICERS.

*Governor*—William Goodell.
*Lieut.-Governor*—Austin Ward.
*Canal Commissioner*—J. C. Harrington.
*State Prison Inspector*—James C. DeLong.
*Clerk of the Court of Appeals*—Charles D. B. Mills.

Widdifield's New Cook-Book; or, Practical Receipts for the Housewife. By Hannah Widdifield. *T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia.*

The maxim that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating," may be properly applied, we suppose, to a Cook-Book, the excellence of which is to be tested by trying the receipts. That we have not done in the case of the book before us, and cannot, therefore, speak from positive knowledge. Mrs. Widdifield, however, is said to have been well known for fifty years as a cake-baker and pastry-cook in Philadelphia, and that these are the receipts, now for the first time published, by which she won her celebrity. Her book is one of about 400 pages, with a copious index, and is very handsomely printed in very large type. Its very looks are a recommendation.

Passmore Williamson *vs.* Kane.—The suit brought by Passmore Williamson against Judge Kane came up for argument on the 24th ult. at Media, before Judge Haines. Mr. Shephard, the defendant's counsel, discussed the question of protection given by the judicial character of jurisdiction of the Court in allowing a habeas corpus and commitment for contempt. The counsel on the other side asked time to prepare their reply. Mr. G. Wharton, the defendant's senior counsel, contended that the time for argument had been fixed by plaintiff's counsel, and that nothing had been adduced but what should have been anticipated. The case, however, was finally postponed till the 17th of December.

Woman's Rights Convention Postponed.—We call attention to the official notice in another column of the postponement of the Woman's Rights Convention which was to have met in this city next week. The inability of some of the speakers to attend at that time, is, we understand, the reason of the postponement.

President Pierce left Washington for Concord, N. H., on Tuesday morning. He was escorted to the Baltimore cars by a military company. At Baltimore he was met by a display of military, and made a speech from the balcony of the hotel in which he breakfasted. The Mayor of Philadelphia, the Collector, the slave-catching Marshal, Wynkoop, and some others from that city, met him at Wilmington and escorted him from that place to the New York boat. He arrived in this city on Tuesday evening, but of all the tribe of office-holders and office-seekers who shouted after him as he passed through the city on his way to the capital in 1853, not twenty-five came forth to welcome him now. He departed in the New Haven cars on Wednesday morning. Between New York and Stamford (Ct.), the passengers were asked to indicate their Presidential preferences. The result was, Fremont 125, Fillmore 54, Buchanan 46, undecided 19. The President declined voting, as he was not a citizen of Connecticut!

Hopedale Home School.—The next quarterly term of this school will commence on the first Thursday in November. We commend this school to the attention of parents who, at the same time that they wish to secure for their children the best advantages for intellectual culture, are anxious to place them under proper moral influences. We know Mr. and Mrs. Haywood well, and believe them worthy of the highest confidence. See advertisement in another column.

## Summary.

The Old Connecticut Charter.—The old original Charter, which was deposited in the trunk of the Charter Oak, has been inclosed in a frame of wood of the tree which preserved it one hundred and sixty-nine years ago.

A furious nigger-driving journal laments that while two million copies of Sumner's speech have been put in circulation, only about a thousand copies of Butler's reply have been purchased for circulation among the people.

Rather Rich.—A correspondent of the Boston *Telegraph* says that copies of the Boston *Courier* and *Atlas* were recently burnt by a Postmaster in Virginia, under the law of that State requiring Postmasters to burn *abolition papers*, books, &c., received by mail.

Governor Wise, of Virginia, says the Norfolk *Argus*, has issued, through the Adjutant-General, orders to the Commandants throughout the State to thoroughly organize the militia, that it may be qualified "to render effectual service whenever Virginia may call for it."

In the Charleston (S. C.) *Standard* is a proposition to "strike down the miscreant (Col. Fremont) about the pillars of the Capitol." Not long since the State of South Carolina voted the Colonel a sword for his great and distinguished services.

The New York State Agricultural Fair opened at Watertown, Jefferson Co., on Tuesday and closed on Friday. The display was fine and the attendance numerous as usual. The annual address was delivered by the Hon. Wm. Jessup, of Montrose, Pa.

The Duration of Slavery.—*A recent Dialogue at the White Sulphur Springs.*—Gov. Wise, of Va.—If Fremont is elected and inaugurated, I say that the institution of slavery will not last twenty years.

Chancellor ———, of Miss.—And I say that if he is elected and *not* inaugurated, slavery will not last ten years.

Death of a Talented Lady.—Mrs. Ellen K., wife of W. E. Channing, Esq., died in this city on Monday, at the residence of Dr. Walter Channing, at the age of 36 years. The deceased was a daughter of the late Hon. Timothy Fuller, and a sister of Margaret Fuller, the novel writer. She was a lady of rare accomplishments, and was very highly esteemed by a rare circle of friends.—*Boston Bee.*

Gen. Nye tells a good story of Col. Fremont and some South Carolina secessionists. The General with the South Carolina friends were calling upon Col. Fremont, and the conversation ran upon the election, when one of the chivalry said: "Mr. Fremont, if you are elected, we will *secede*." Col. Fremont instantly replied: "I hope you will make arrangements to leave the State behind you."

The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, after holding absolute sway for many weeks—superseding entirely the regularly organized government—has voluntarily disbanded. Several murderers have been hung and some very bad rogues banished, and it is thought by the better portion of the citizens that the peace and order of the city have been promoted by the action of the committee.

Another Steamer Burned.—The steamer Niagara was burned on lake Michigan on the 24th ult., while on her passage from Sheboygan to Chicago. There were on board from 150 to 175 passengers, 66 of whom were lost. The scenes which followed the discovery of the fire beggar description. The captain behaved nobly, but most of the passengers were in a state of fright which incapacitated them for well-directed efforts for their own preservation.

Anti-Slavery Convention.—An Anti-Slavery Convention was held at Liberty Hall, on the forenoon and afternoon, Sunday. The attendance was quite large. Wm. Wells Brown and Charles L. Remond were the principal speakers. In the evening a discussion arose as to the propriety of voting at the ensuing Presidential election. Remarks were made on the subject by Messrs. H. O. Remington, Henry Johnson, Wm. H. Woods, and others.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard.*

It is stated that when a Northern Representative took leave of Hon. Thomas F. Bowie, a Representative of Maryland, at the national Capitol, he said to him, "Well, Mr. Bowie, I suppose we have met for the last time?" "How so?" said Bowie. "Why," replied the other, "before we meet again Col. Fremont will be elected, and the South will not submit to that." "I think it will," said Bowie; "for my part, I have made up my mind, if he is elected, to give him a trial."

Mrs. Stowe and the Queen.—Among those assembled on Thursday morning at the King's cross terminus, to witness the departure of the royal family for Scotland was Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. On the arrival of the royal party, Mrs. Stowe took the opportunity of presenting, through Col. Grey, her new work, "Dred," in two volumes, just hot from the press. On learning that the fair authoress was present, both her Majesty and Prince Albert came forward and gave her a gracious and friendly recognition, accepting the book with evident pleasure.—*Edinburgh Express.*

Sign of the Times.—We are informed that a Presidential vote was taken among the students of the Union Theological Seminary, in this city, a few days since. They are all graduates of colleges from all parts of the Union and representing Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, Dutch Reformed and Presbyterian denominations—the greater portion being Presbyterians. The Senior class of over 30, voted unanimously for Fremont; the Middle class, over 40, voted for Fremont, with the exception of three, who declined voting; the Junior class, numbering nearly 50, had three members who preferred Fillmore; all the rest Fremont. Buchanan was nowhere.—*Trib.*

A Salem Man Murdered by the Border Ruffians.—We understand that a letter was received from Kansas on Saturday, announcing that Mr. David Buffum, son of Mr. Edward Buffum, of Salem, had been murdered by the Missouri Border Ruffians. Mr. B. had suffered from the depredations of these miscreants before, and was robbed by them some months ago. A fortnight since, while working in the field on his claim, some Missourians, passing by, recognised him, left their ranks, went into the woods and deliberately shot him. He died after suffering about twenty-four hours, aged 33 years. Mr. B. was one of the early emigrants to Kansas, and bore an excellent character.—*Salem (Mass.) Register.*

Aid for Kansas.—At the commencement of the services yesterday morning at the Music Hall, Rev. Theodore Parker stated that he had designed reading for the study of the morning the Epistle of James; but having newly received a letter from his friend in Kansas, Rev. Mr. Nute, he would instead read an epistle from the Apostle Ephraim. A letter from Mr. Nute to Mr. Parker, dated the 14th and 15th inst., was then read. In response to its suggestions of the necessity of aid, as the congregation passed out of the hall, contributions were made to the amount of $289. The money was put into the hands of Mr. Parker, who will promptly forward it to its destination.—*Boston Telegraph, Monday.*

A Big Heart under a Black Skin.—A coloured hand upon the Crescent City, at the recent collision, went into the hold with Mr. Martin to find the leak. On discovering a hole through which the water was running into the boat, the black man for a moment was in a study what to do, but remarking that there were too many valuable lives on the boat to be lost, he plunged his head into the hole, while others were procuring blankets; but before they could be got, the cold water upon his head was driving him distracted, when taking his head away, he *changed ends*, and thus kept the leak plugged up, until other means were brought to make the stoppage more effectual. We wish we knew the name of this man—it deserves to be engraved.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Letter from Charles Sumner.—*Messrs. Greeley & McElrath:* I have watched with interest your generous fund for the relief and liberation of Kansas, now insulted, trodden down, torn and enslaved by the President of the United States, acting as the tool of the tyrannical Slave Oligarchy. To other funds for this important charity I have already given according to my small means; but as a constant reader of the *Tribune*, I cannot miss the opportunity which you afford to protest anew against an unparalleled crime, and to contribute anew to its mitigation. Please to accept the check which I enclose for one hundred dollars ($100.) I wish it were more, for more will be needed. Believe me, gentlemen,

Your faithful servant, Charles Sumner.

Philadelphia, Sept. 23, 1856.

The New Orleans *Delta*, in commenting upon a letter of Gov. Wise, says:

"If the avowed enemy of the South is chosen President, is there any longer a fraternal feeling between that South and the North which selects and supports him? Of course, the word 'Union' loses all significance and meaning under such circumstances, and we must do justice to the logic of Mr. Wise in admitting that he perceives the fact. The success of Fremont he regards as synonymous with the dissolution of the Union, and so far we believe he is correct in his opinion. But the success of Mr. Buchanan can only postpone the very same catastrophe for a few years more, and it is a question with many intelligent persons whether such a postponement is desirable or not."

What the President will Do.—The President, in a very polite letter, acknowledges the receipt of an invitation from the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society, to become its guest during his visit to Concord, and seizes the occasion to declare his preference for an agricultural life. Green fields and babbling brooks are to furnish him amusement for the remainder of his days. He says the soil of New Hampshire is hard and sterile, but is still to him most attractive, and he loves the old State with a fervour that no cold water dashed upon him at Concord can chill. The President will retire gracefully when his time comes, and, according to the tenor of this letter, will subside again into the peaceful and inoffensive citizen he once was. It is delightful to be assured that he bears New Hampshire no grudge for its cruel slights.—*Times.*

Bully Brooks.—We find the following paragraph in a letter from Boston to the Montreal *Pilot*. We think the writer must have been mistaken:

"While this great demonstration on behalf of freedom (the Burlingame reception) was going on, Senator Brooks, from South Carolina, he who committed such a cowardly assault on the Hon. Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, was sitting in a private box in the Boston Theatre. Besides myself, I do not believe there were two persons in the theatre aware of his presence. He himself, apparently, did not wish to be recognised, as, during the entire evening, he sat far back in the box, with the portion of his face towards the audience covered with his handkerchief. Whether any demonstration of an unfriendly nature would have been made, had his presence been generally known, I am, of course, not prepared to say, but judging from the spirit exhibited, and the temper of the speeches at the time of the assault, I rather think there would."

Hon. Benjamin Lane, member of the Know-Nothing Executive Committee of Alabama, is anxious to fight somebody who belongs to the Democratic party. Read his card:

"Now, as this is a political manœuvre, I will make a proposition to them. If they are so anxious to have me killed, and will put up any man of their party, who holds the same official rank in their party that I hold in mine, I will fight him at any convenient time and place, according to the code of honour. I am one of the Executive Committee of the American party. I will fight any one of the Executive Committee of the Democratic party; and, to be still more accommodating, I will fight any one of their electors, or any editor of a Democratic paper that has twelve hundred circulation. That is my proposition, and 'let him laugh that wins.'"

A Slave Homeward Bound Declared a Runaway.—The Richmond *Whig* of the 16th ult. says that on Thursday, a case came before the Hustings Court of Fredericksburg, on an appeal from the decision of a magistrate, involving the question of what constitutes a runaway slave. It appeared that a negro from Richmond had a permit to visit Falmouth and return on the following Monday night. On the Tuesday night succeeding, the police found the negro in Fredericksburg, and arrested him as a runaway, claiming the reward specified by the Revised Code. The magistrate decided in favour of the recovery of the reward, and the owners appealed, maintaining that the slave was on his way home, and was not a runaway under the ruling of the code. The Court sustained the magistrate's award.

Death of Judge King.—Hon. Leicester King, one of the pioneers of anti-slavery in Ohio, and long known to the friends of Freedom as one of its defenders, able and true, died at Bloomfield on the 19th ult.

He was for many years a citizen of Warren, Trumbull County, where he amassed an ample fortune, and won a high reputation for his business ability, and where he was a prominent and useful member of society.

He died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Chas. Brown, of North Bloomfield, Trumbull County. The deceased was 67 years of age, and was born at Suffield, Conn. His disease was a complicated form of dropsy. He has discharged faithfully and ably the duties of Senator, Representative and Judge.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Lecture at Union Hall.—The lecture at Union Hall, last evening, by Miss Watkins, a coloured lady, is represented to us as being one of more than common interest, and attended by a respectable and attractive audience. The subject was Christianity and Slavery contrasted, and in the discussion of it, she paid a deserved tribute to the beauties and excellencies of the former, and clearly showed that its principles were entirely incompatible with the latter. She showed the fallacy of the argument, which too many of our divines—in the North as well as the South—deduce from the Bible in favour of slavery; as also touched briefly upon the political questions of the day. The Lecture was distinguished throughout by a quiet dignity, modesty, and becoming language, that we were not led to expect. Of its effect on the community, that is another thing, which the great future can alone disclose.—*Niagara Times.*

Agents of the Underground Railroad in Trouble.—The Louisville *Democrat* has the following:

"Samuel Cole and James Armstrong, suspected of a design of running off a slave, were inveigled, by Alexander Hatfield, into an indiscretion on Friday, which delivered them over into the hands of justice. It appears that Hatfield, a free negro, gave information to the police early Friday evening, that Cole and Armstrong were planning to steal away the slave Jack, the property of Marshall Kidd, of this city, and entered into a combination with the police for their arrest, although he had agreed with Cole and Armstrong to assist them in their design of kidnapping the negro. Accordingly, officers Lamborn and Clayton were taken to Hatfield's house, where Cole and Armstrong were to arrange the preliminaries for the flight of the slave, and secreted themselves under the bed. The two men soon came into Hatfield's house, where they awaited the arrival of the slave, entering freely into conversation with Hatfield as to their plans, which conversation, of course, the officers under the bed overheard and noted. It seemed from the conversation, that Hatfield and wife had also engaged to accompany the party. Before the slave arrived, the officers pounced upon Cole and Armstrong, and carried them to jail. They were brought before Judge Johnston, on Saturday morning, who held them each to bail in the sum of $1,200 to answer the charge.

Great Pedestrian Feat. — (From our Sporting Correspondent.)—Paddy Hoofs, the celebrated pedestrian, but better known at Lords', and the various Commons in the neighbourhood of London, as the "Ammersmith Antelope," is still carrying on his Herculean feat of walking round a lady in full dress 100 times in 100 consecutive days. He is now in his second week, and looks as fresh as when he first started. There are bets to a considerable amount that Paddy will never be able to complete his arduous undertaking. What makes it all the more difficult is the fact, that a fresh lady is substituted every day. It has been observed that the dresses of these various ladies, instead of decreasing, are actually getting bigger and bigger almost every week. What the size, therefore, will be before the 90th, much less the 100th day, is completed, the most elastic imagination snaps, like an overstretched piece of india-rubber, in its vain efforts to comprehend. It is also feared that there will be no open space large enough in the vicinity of the Metropolis to admit of the experiment, as soon as it has expanded to its fullest dimensions, being fairly tried. In the meantime, however, Paddy displays uncommon pluck. His unfailing good humour and cheerfulness under his trying labours, such as would exhaust the oldest and worst-paid postman of St. Martin's-le-Grand, win smiles of approval even from his fairest ramparts. We wish the brave fellow every success, and shall from week to week make a point, or several points rather, of recording the onward march of his iron-tipped bluchers and undaunted perseverance.—*Punch.*

Horrible Death of a Fugitive Slave.—We give below an extract from the letter of a friend, relating a story, the recital of which, if this nation was not utterly given over to hardness of heart, would be a sufficient argument against the institution which drives men to brave such fearful deaths to secure their freedom. The letter is dated September 17th; the names we omit for obvious reasons. Here is the extract: "We had a fearful slave case here, a few days since; and which we dare not make public. A slave man was closely packed in a box at ——; the box was marked as goods, and consigned to a friend at this place, care of Adams & Co.'s Express. When the box was opened, the poor wretch was found dead, his countenance horribly contorted, and his body drawn into a knot. It appeared on examination, that the box had no air holes. Peace to his ashes! "O, Lord! O, Lord, how long? O, that thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down! O, let the sighings of the prisoner come before thee! Our bones are scattered at the graves' mouth, as when one cutteth and cleaveth wood! We are given up as sheep to the slaughter! We are killed all day long! O, Lord, avenge us of our adversaries."

At whose hand will the blood of that man be required? They who have voted to sustain the institutions and laws, which drove him to his death. The sin is national, but the responsibility is individual; and the Eternal Arbiter between man and man, will tear away the flimsy veil which the guilty conscience will seek to raise between his glance and the secret guilt which lies cowered in the heart; and the dread question, "Where is thy brother?" must be answered by each one alone.—*Fred Douglass's Paper.*

Gutta Percha Religion.—If ever Bully Brooks should have the courage to come to the North, we would recommend him to call at Ashtabula, and spend a quiet Sabbath among his Fillmore friends in that very sober village. We know of one pious teacher of a Bible Class, who would not shoot him, or say aught to ruffle his feelings. They don't mix politics with religion there, unless it is to preserve the Union; but this pious man being more than usually exercised on that important subject the other Sunday, could not avoid alluding to the brilliant example of his friend, the *Bully*. It seems that his Bible Class were reading in James, about *bridling the tongue*, when he pointed out the consequences of not bridling the tongue, and cited them to the case of Senator Sumner, who, *had he bridled his tongue, would not have been injured by Brooks!*

Here is the real gutta percha religion, such as they can safely mix with politics—an old and well-tried article—just such as *they* enjoyed, who cried, "Crucify him! crucify him! His blood be upon us and our children." If Judas Iscariot had enjoyed this kind of piety, he would never have hanged himself. He would have simply said, his Master "might have bridled his tongue," and quietly invested the thirty pieces of silver in some paying stock. He appears to have been ashamed to associate with the murderers of his Lord, but in this he was behind our Union-saving Christians, of whom he would no doubt feel ashamed, if alive now, and compelled to keep company with this Bible Class teacher. But, "They did n't know everything down in Judee"; and it was left for the Fillmore party in benighted Ashtabula to sufficiently appreciate the combined character of the assassin, the coward and the bully, to make him an example in the Sunday School.—*Ashtabula Sentinel.*

The Slave Trade in New York.—It is reported that our Charge at Lisbon has secured the suspension of the Portuguese consul at this port, for an alleged participation in the slave traffic, particularly as regards the outfitting of vessels in our common waters to prosecute this infamous calling, which, in magnitude of barbarity, exceeds any species of piracy known to our statute laws. Certain it is, however, that the commercial partner of Mr. de la Liganiere, the Portuguese consul, has been on trial for fitting out a slaver, and discharged from custody, and, whether convicted or not, there is ample testimony to prove that he was indirectly interested in the success of the vessel, and in the proceeds of its voyage. We are all well aware of the intricacies of the law, and can readily imagine how difficult it must be to secure the conviction of a wealthy merchant, protected by the sympathies of a foreign official; still, we are thoroughly convinced that the slave trade, for years past, has had a common centre in New York, and that the parties who carried it on have been almost wholly limited to Portuguese traders, resident in this metropolis. By them the law, universally respected by native Americans, has been avoided, and, in order to save our national honour, our government has instituted most rigid, but, unhappily, fruitless, measures, with the laudable aim of exterminating the horrid traffic in human flesh.

We believe that no honourable citizen can be found who would not sanction even extra judicial means to purify our metropolitan honour from the disgrace imposed upon it by these alien traders in infamy, who, by misusing the protection of our maratime regulations, have entailed moral reprobation against the American mercantile name. No set of men in the world entertain more holy horror against the slave trade than our honest New York shippers; and still, we have indisputable evidence that vessel after vessel sails from our port, changes its nationality by a daub of paint, or the display of a few yards of bunting, and then embarks boldly in the most infamous of traffics. How long should this thing continue?—*New York Mercury.*

Mobocracy and Murder.—From a reliable correspondent we (the Logansport, Ia., *Journal*) have received an account of the riot at Bourbon, Marshall Co., at the discussion between Judge Stuart and Mr. Colfax.

A wagon containing four men and a number of ladies came from Kosciusko Co., to attend the speaking. In the wagon was borne a banner representing a buck on his last leg. Threats were made against the wagon before it reached the ground, and during the speaking thirty Irishmen who were employed upon the railroad, prepared hickory clubs, and as the wagon passed a grocery at the opposite end of the town, it was attacked by these men who knocked down the horses, and commenced an indiscriminate assault upon all in the wagon. The screams of the women as they begged for their lives and the shouts and murderous blows of the attacking party were awful, and presented a scene which drove in terror the multitude, which was largely made up of women. Men endeavouring to save their own families, and there was no time to assist the unfortunate wagon load, which was soon overpowered by the infuriated brutes, who forgot to discriminate between women and men in their mad attack.

While one of the mob stood with his club elevated with both hands, and in the act of striking, he was shot, and fell dead. The persons in the wagon were seriously bruised and injured, and were only saved from death by the attention of the mob being attracted to another object.

In the wagon was the wife of a Mr. Leffel, a citizen of Kosciusko County, who, hearing of the danger of his wife, rode back to protect her. On approaching the wagon he and his horse were knocked down, and finding the odds against him too strong, he retreated to the house of the Rev. Mr. James, whose family, with himself, had been witnesses of the terrible scene at the wagon. Mr. Leffel was pursued by the mob, who picked up axes as they went, broke in the door and a window, and brutally murdered him in the presence of the terrified family. His body was horribly mangled, his legs and head being nearly cut to pieces.

Mr. Colfax had been to supper a third of a mile from the scene of these transactions, and in a short time after, passed the grocery where were congregated the assailants of the wagon. They assaulted his horse with clubs and nearly knocked it down and threatened the life of Mr. Colfax. He was able to keep his horse in motion and escaped. The mob clubbed a man riding a short distance behind him, and threatened the life of Capt. Sterling, who had recently become a Republican, and also beat a young man named Samuel Disher. They took complete possession of the town, whilst the people anxious for the safety of the women fled in confusion.

Mr. Leffel was a prominent member of the M. E. Church. He was a mild and inoffensive man, and universally beloved.

All parties agree that there was no provocation for this murderous affair, and the assailants are universally condemned, particularly by the Democrats who witnessed it. It is hard to realize the fact that so wanton an outrage could be perpetrated in a civilized community, and that Irishmen, who are so notorious for their chivalrous respect for women, should so far forget their character as to be guilty of such an outrage. They must have been urged to the deed by some political fiend, or have been drunk. It is hoped that the murderers may be found and punished.

Sermon on Franklin.—Rev. Theodore Parker yesterday delivered a sermon, at the Boston Music Hall, which was filled to overflowing. Its theme was, "*Benjamin Franklin considered with relation to the great Art of Life.*" It was treated with that ability and originality for which Mr. Parker is distinguished. The preacher presented Franklin in six phases, viz.: as the Boy running about the streets of Boston; as the Printer, the Philosopher, the Statesman, the Diplomat, and in his old age and death. Each of these divisions of the discourse were elaborated in a most interesting manner. Mr. Parker then proceeded to consider Franklin in his intellect, his writings, his character socially as a man. This constituted the greater portion of the sermon. In answer to the charge that Franklin was not a religious man, the speaker replied that tried by the popular theology, and by mere church form, it was true; but in respect to the elements that go to make up a religious mind and a good heart, the charge was not true. Franklin he regarded as the greatest man in America for four generations, and almost the greatest in the world during that period. He was not without fault and blemish, but was faithful and honest.

In his opinion Franklin was a fast boy, and up to the age of 20 lived a life that in many respects is to be condemned; a career which he afterwards repented. The preacher said that it was in the power of Franklin to have prevented slavery in the United States, if he had only chosen and maintained that position in the convention which framed the Constitution. Franklin later in life signed a petition for the abolition of slavery. The slavery of 1786, it was contended, was nothing so atrocious as that in 1856. Referring to the recent celebration in this city, the preacher said that if Franklin could have returned and looked upon that long procession, while he would have seen much to rejoice over, yet there would have been something to make sorrowful. In this connection he referred to the exclusion of coloured persons from the procession, and especially condemned the course of the Mercantile Library Association.

In another part of the sermon, the preacher questioned the wisdom of Franklin in his legacy to provide medals for scholars in our public schools. While it rewarded a few scholars, it at the same time caused heart-burning and discouragement to all others. Could he have foreseen this, and also the favouritism of teachers, he would hardly have willed the sum he did. A "love affair" of Franklin, who, after he found there was little money to come, broke off an engagement, was characterized as mercenary and mean. The preacher said that when Franklin left the earth Washington was President; if he should return now he would find—Pierce. The manner in which the latter sentence was uttered caused a sensation among the congregation.

Franklin was a man of progress, and therefore was both ahead and above the age. In his simple discovery of electricity he opened a realm of science which had as yet but begun to be trod. Franklin's charities, his public and private life, his writings, his relation and influence upon mankind were all considered in their turn. Mr. Parker summed up his sermon by stating that Franklin's was the best and most successful life that has yet been lived in America.—*Boston Bee.*

## Special Notices.

☞ Woman's Rights Convention Postponed.—The Seventh Annual National Woman's Rights Convention advertised for the 8th 9th and 10th Oct. is temporarily postponed. Notice of its meeting to be given hereafter.

On behalf of Central Committee, Lucy Stone, Sec'y.

☞ The Third Anniversary of the Michigan Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the Union Meeting-House, Plymouth, Wayne Co., Mich., on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 11th and 12th, 1856.

Able speakers from abroad are expected to be present and take part in the meeting.

By direction of the Executive Committee,

Thomas Chandler, Cor. Sec'y.

☞ The Annual Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress in Michigan, will be held in the Friends' Meeting House at Battle Creek, on Saturday and Sunday, the 4th and 5th of October next, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

An invitation is extended to all who may feel interested, without distinction of party or creed, to meet with us on that occasion, to consider the various moral and social evils of the present age, and their remedies. Never was there a time that called more especially for the sober, candid, and deliberate judgment of the people, than the present. Those evils are too numerous and too malignant in their character to need mention here, but when civil war, rapine and murder is rife among us, what can be more proper or legitimate than for those professing to follow Christ and exemplify the spirit of universal brotherhood, to meet together for counsel and encouragement, and to promote the cause of pure and undefiled religion, by a firm resistance to the power of Ignorance, Superstition and Bigotry.

Several prominent speakers are expected from abroad, and we hope to see a general attendance.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

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| Thomas Chandler, | Richard Glazier, Jr., |
| Emeline De Garmo, | Phebe H. Merritt. |

☞ The Annual Meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Norristown on Thursday and Friday, the 16th and 17th days of October.

Among many other true-hearted and earnest speakers and workers in the cause, the Committee of Arrangements expect the presence and services of William Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, Sydney H. Gay and Oliver Johnson. But it is not on great names, or promises of eloquent oratory, that the Committee rely for the attractions of their anniversary meeting. The mighty revolution through which this reform is passing, the important crisis which it has reached, and the solemn responsibilities which are resting upon those who awakened, and have led that revolution, impart unusual interest to the occasion, and must insure the presence of all the faithful labourers of our organization, who are not detained from our gathering by other duties. We earnestly and heartily invite, also, the presence of all others, whether friendly or hostile to our enterprise. The fundamental principles of that enterprise, the unceasing utterance of which has been the business of the American Anti-Slavery Society, through all the years of toil and conflict, from its outset to the present hour, will be fully and freely discussed, and plans for future action formed and adopted. The Committee trust that their coadjutors, the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, will assemble, on this occasion, each feeling his or her obligation to meet the present demands of the cause, and fully resolved to maintain faithful allegiance to its principles. James Mott, Pres't.

Clinton Gillingham, Rec. Sec'y.

☞ Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair. — The Twenty-first Anti-Slavery Fair of Pennsylvania will be held in the City of Philadelphia, on the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th of December, 1856.

At such a time as this, when the most startling national events are pleading the cause of Freedom, with eloquence beyond that of words, there is little need that we should accompany this announcement with arguments or expostulations, urging the claims of our Annual Fair. We doubt not that all those who have, heretofore, faithfully laboured in it will, this year, resume their labours, with increased zeal and diligence, and that many who have never espoused our cause before will now be impelled, by their burning indignation at the outrages which are filling our beloved country with anarchy and disgracing her before the civilized world, to come to the help of those who are striving to remove *the cause* of all this evil American Slavery.

The signs of the times are full of promise, and demonstrate even to those who would not believe until they had seen, that twenty years of anti-slavery labour has not been in vain. The North is aroused. It is alarmed and indignant. But though so much has been accomplished, there has never been a moment since the commencement of our enterprise when it was more important that our standard should be borne aloft, and our conflict unremitted, than it is at the present hour. Our earliest battle-cry, "Immediate Emancipation," proclaims the only way of salvation for our country; and its constant utterance in the nation's ears is as needful now as ever. Our later watchword, "No Union with Slaveholders," which has gathered new strength and force from the recent tragedies enacted by the Slave Power, is most appropriate to this hour, and the duty which it proclaims should be urged with untiring fidelity upon the conscience of the North. The toils of conflict increase as the hour of victory approaches. They who have borne the heat and burden of a long day will surely not falter now; and they who, at this late hour, will rally under our standard we welcome to victory and a glorious jubilee.

We resume the work of preparation for our Twenty-first Fair, hopefully. The routine of this labour is now so well understood that we need say only that any contributions of money or merchantable commodities will be thankfully accepted by the Committee, and that donations may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, or to any member of the Committee.

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| Sarah Pugh, | Mary M. Jennings, |
| Sarah L. Child, | Emily W. Taylor, |
| Lucretia Mott, | Rebecca Plumly, |
| Rebecca S. Hart, | Elizabeth Carman, |
| Huldah Justice, | Mary A. Hall, |
| Evelina Supplee, | Mary Teese, |
| Mary Shaw, | Susan W. Shaw, |
| Emma Parker, | Ann Parker, |
| Martha Carman, | Anna M. Child, |
| Hannah L. Stickney, | Elizabeth Clendennon, |
| Mary T. Stickney, | Martha Kimber, |
| Margaretta Forten, | Abby Kimber, |
| Gulielma M. Jones, | Sarah Kenderdine, |
| Lydia White, | Elizabeth M. Davis, |
| Margaret J. Burleigh, | Martha A. Galvin, |
| Mary Grew, | Margaret Griscom, |
| Elizabeth J. Lewis, | Roxanna Thompson, |
| Sarah A. McKim, | Anna Shoemaker, |
| Harriet D. Purvis, | Lydia Gillingham, |
| Clementina R. John, | Caroline Wise, |
| Anna M. Hopper, | Eliza L. S. Thomas, |
| Maria M. Davis, | Marian Jane Mitchel, |

Elizabeth Magee.

☞ Worcester, Mass.—All payments on account of The Standard, in Worcester, and all new subscriptions, may be made to Miss Sarah E. Wall, No. 2 Sycamore street.

☞ Worcester County North Division Anti-Slavery Society.—A Quarterly Meeting of this Society will be held at Westminster, Mass., on Sunday, October 5th.

Wm. Wells Brown and other speakers will be present. A general and punctual attendance of members is desired, and an earnest invitation to attend is hereby extended to all.

D. M. Allen, Sec'y. Joel Smith, Pres't.

☞ The Twenty-Third National Anti-Slavery Bazaar will be held, as usual, in BOSTON, during Christmas and New Year's Week. *Time and place of opening to be decided hereafter.*

The Anti-Slavery cause has at length, after a quarter of a century of labours, taken possession, in one form or another, of almost every mind in our American community. To men of great sympathies, it has shown the sufferings of the slave; to men of a profound sense of right, it has shown his wrongs; to men whose hope is in another life, it has shown him deprived of Bibles, and Sabbaths, and sanctuary privileges; to men whose hope is in this life, it has shown him deprived of education and the means of self-improvement and success. To patriots, it has shown their country's shame and danger. To politicians, it has shown one of the most selfish and accursed interest devouring every true one. To Christians, it has shown their Redeemer crucified afresh in the persons of these the least of his brethren. To philanthropists, it has shown human nature degraded and ruined in the person of both master and slave, by the outrages of the one against the liberty of the other.

The function of the undersigned, whose privilege, during all these years, it has been to give themselves to the work, has been to arouse their countrymen to the necessity of taking an onward and upward step with the advancing century. We print books, sustain newspapers, and send out agents, to disseminate truth, and to follow it up with argument, appeal, entreaty, with statements of facts on every department of the subject—theological, financial, political, social—in order to bring about the abolition of slavery.

The coming occasion of the TWENTY-THIRD BAZAAR, is for the purpose of raising funds to that effect; and we confidently call upon every compassionate, just, patriotic, Christian and philanthropic heart in the land for aid. Nay, we call on every heart, without exception; for the power and beauty of this Cause is shown in its faculty of changing the public heart into its own excellent likeness. But especially, let all who pity fugitives help us; for our funds go directly to awaken that public sympathy which gives the slave a refuge on every threshold. Especially, let all who wish to see Abolitionists in Congress, help *us*; for our funds go directly to arouse the sensibilities of every patriot, politician, statesman, legislator, elector. By our precept and example of No Union with Slaveholders, we lead the van of a national movement towards the abolition of slavery, which every profound thinker clearly sees would stop without such leading; and we especially beseech all to help *us*, as it is the only means whereby worthier and swifter than we can take the lead, which only the necessity of the case has bound upon us.

We solicit correspondence, counsel and assistance from all friends of the slave, whether at home or in Europe, and we pledge ourselves to employ most conscientiously whatever of influence or money may be committed to our hands, and to make faithful account of the same at the close of our undertaking.

Communications may be addressed to the Committee at 21 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., or to 138 Nassau street, New York.

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| Maria Weston Chapman, | Mary May, |
| Louisa Loring, | Eliza Lee Follen, |
| Anne Warren Weston, | Ann Greene Phillips, |
| Sarah Shaw Russell, | Frances Mary Robbins, |
| Helen E. Garrison, | Ann Rebecca Bramhall, |
| Sarah H. Southwick, | Mary Willey, |
| Abby Francis, | Ann Shaw Greene, |
| Eliza H. Apthorp. | Mary Gray Chapman |
| Elizabeth Gay, | Henrietta Sargent, |
| Sarah R. May, | Caroline Weston, |
| Susan C. Cabot, | Mary H. Jackson, |
| Sarah Blake Shaw, | Lydia D. Parker, |
| Eliza F. Eddy, | Evelina A. S. Smith, |
| Elizabeth Von Arnim, | Augusta King, |


## Advertisements.

PENNSYLVANIA FEMALE COLLEGE at Perkeomen Bridge, Montgomery County, Pa., chartered by the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, for the Liberal Education of young women in the various departments of Useful and Polite Learning.

This Institution, confining its efforts to the education of the intellect, and culture of the moral feelings, without attempting to mould or direct the religious sentiment, commends itself especially to the patronage of those who desire their children to be free from sectarian influences while at school. While the teachers and many of the pupils are professedly religious, and connected with the various Christian denominations, no prominence is given to any peculiar opinions, on which those who have come to the years of understanding should be left entirely free, and those who are too young to judge for themselves, are safest in the hands of their natural guardians.

The College is provided with a full Board of efficient and experienced Teachers; a liberal supply of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus, Libraries, Musical Instruments, and all other means of imparting a thorough and extensive course of instruction. The accommodations are comfortable and genteel, and the expenses very moderate.

The large patronage heretofore bestowed upon the School, affords gratifying evidence of the appreciation, by a discerning public, of its superior educational advantages, and the liberal policy upon which it is conducted.

Pupils are received at any time, and at any stage of advancement, and may pursue the regular course of study, or such select branches as may best suit their purposes.

Young Ladies desirous of fitting themselves for the profession of Teaching, will here find better advantages, and better prospects of obtaining immediate and profitable employment when fitted, than are to be met with at other establishments, as our Teachers are in demand from all parts of the country, and command the highest salaries.

The Winter Session will open on Monday, the 27th of October.

For circulars, address J. W. SUNDERLAND, Perkeomen Bridge Post Office, Montgomery Co., Pa.

Sept. 13. 8t.

DRED: A TALE OF THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP, BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," &c., &c. In Two Volumes, 12mo. Price $1 75.

The attention of the thoughtful and religious portion of the community is earnestly asked for this book. The author has been fully sensible of her obligations to Christianity, and her work is full of the spirit of vital piety; a piety characterized by a beautiful and childlike faith, by cheerfulness and good works. The story of "Aunt Milly's" conversion is one of the most signal instances of the power of religion to be met with, either in actual life or in fiction.

It is true that the clerical defenders of Slavery are pretty severely handled; and that the sort of religion which consists solely in attention to forms, to the "anise, and mint, and cummin," passing by the "weightier matters of the law," meets with no especial favour. But in these respects the author has only applied the teachings of the evangelists and apostles, to the men and to the affairs of the present day. PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY,

2t No. 13 Winter street, Boston.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at Public Sale on second day (Monday), the 10th of eleventh Month (Nov.), a fine Farm, containing about ninety acres, situated in West Vincent Township, Chester Co., Pa., on the public road leading from Phoenixville to Chester Springs, about five miles from the former and two from the latter place.

About 78 acres of the above is farm land of the best quality, in a high state of cultivation, lying beautifully for tillage. The remaining 12 acres is woodland, heavily set with large timber. The improvements are a fine young apple orchard, a large and substantial stone dwelling, a large stone barn, wagon-house, carriage-house and other outbuildings. Large crops of wheat, oats, corn and grass, are raised yearly, and a heavy stock of cattle supported on the place.

This farm, though admirably adapted to agricultural purposes and situated in a beautiful section of country, is especially valuable on account of its probable mineral wealth. Lying in an iron ore region, it is known to contain iron ore, and is adjacent to mines which have for years been extensively worked. This fact, taken in connection with its excellence as farm land, makes the property one of the most desirable in the County.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock on said day, when conditions will be made known by M. Lewis and sisters, residing on the premises.

Sept. 27.—7t

JUST PUBLISHED!

THE CONSTITUTION, A PRO SLAVERY COMPACT; OR, EXTRACTS FROM THE MADISON PAPERS, &c: SELECTED BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

For Sale at this Office.

TO YOUNG MEN.—Pleasant and Profitable Employment.—Young Men in every neighbourhood may obtain healthful, pleasant and profitable employment, by engaging in the sale of useful and popular Books, and canvassing for our valuable Journals. For terms and particulars, address, post-paid,

FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

P.S.—All Agents who engage with us will be *secured from the possibility of loss*, while the profits derived will be very liberal. 4t

A. J. GROVER, COUNSELLOR AT LAW—LAND AND COLLECTING AGENCY. *EARLVILLE, Lasalle County, Illinois.* REFERS TO

Cornelius Bramhall, 186 Fulton street, O. R. Potter & Co., 169 Broadway, cor. Courtland st., Rushmore, Cone & Co., 12 and 14 Warren street, } New York.
Hunt & Lane, Congress street, Abner Curtis, Pearl street, } Boston.

N. B. Particular attention paid to collecting for Eastern Merchants, looking up titles to Lands, paying Taxes, buying and selling Lands, &c. &c.

PIANOS AND MELODEONS.—The Horace Waters modern improved Pianos and Melodeons are to be found only at No. 333 Broadway. Pianos to rent, and rent allowed on purchase; for sale on monthly payments, second-hand Pianos from $30 to $140; Melodeons from $40 to $135. Pianos tuned and repaired, polished, boxed and moved. "The Horace Waters Pianos," says the New York *Evangelist*, "are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with some degree of confidence from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality."

Oct. 4—3m.

HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL.—This Institution, located in the quiet village of Hopedale, in the midst of superior moral and social influences—influences radically Reformatory and Progressive—will enter upon its next Quarter on November 6th.

Particulars may be obtained by addressing either of the Principals, at Hopedale, Milford, Massachusetts.

WILLIAM S. HAYWOOD, ABBIE S. HAYWOOD, } Principals.

Hopedale, Mass, June 25, 1856. 4t

BRAMHALL, BONNELL & RICHMOND IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, No. 186 Fulton, opposite Church street, . . . . . . New York.

Cornelius Bramhall, | Joseph A. Bonnell,
Charles Richmond, Jr.

1y

TO LYCEUM COMMITTEES.—Invitations for Dr. J. S. Rock to lecture before Lyceums or Anti-Slavery C[illegible] should be directed to him at No. 163 Cambridge street, Boston.

# Miscellaneous Department.

## THE "LONDON TIMES."

The power of the newspaper is familiar in America, and in accordance with our political system. In England, it stands in antagonism with the feudal institutions, and it is all the more beneficent succour against the secretive tendencies of a monarchy. The celebrated Lord Somers "knew of no good law proposed and passed in his time, to which the public papers had not directed his attention." There is no corner and no night. A relentless inquisition drags every secret to the day, turns the glare of this solar microscope on every malfaisance, so as to make the public a more terrible spy than any foreigner; and no weakness can be taken advantage of by an enemy, since the whole people are already forewarned. Thus England rids herself of those incrustations which have been the ruin of old States. Of course, this inspection is feared. No antique privilege, no comfortable monopoly, but sees surely that its days are counted; the people are familiarized with the reason of reform, and, one by one, take away every argument of the obstructives. "So your grace likes the comfort of reading the newspapers," said Lord Mansfield to the Duke of Northumberland: "mark my words; you and I shall not live to see it, but this young gentleman (Lord Eldon) may, or it may be a little later; but a little sooner or later, these newspapers will most assuredly write the Dukes of Northumberland out of their titles and possessions, and the country out of its king." The tendency in England towards social and political institutions, like those of America, is inevitable, and the ability of its journals is the driving force.

England is full of manly, clever, well-bred men who possess the talent of writing off-hand pungent paragraphs, expressing with clearness and courage their opinion on any person or performance. Valuable or not, it is a skill that is rarely found, out of the English journals. The English do this as they write poetry, as they ride and box, by being educated to it. Hundreds of clever Praeds, and Freres, and Froudes, and Hoods, and Hooks, and Maginns, and Mills, and Macaulays, make poems, or short essays for a journal, as they make speeches in Parliament and on the hustings, or as they shoot and ride. It is a quite accidental and arbitrary direction of their general ability. Rude health and spirits, an Oxford education, and the habits of society are implied, but not a ray of genius. It comes of the crowded state of the professions, the violent interests which all men take in politics, the facility of experimenting in the journals, and the high pay.

The most conspicuous result of this talent is the *Times* newspaper. No power in England is more felt, more feared, or more obeyed. What you read in the morning in that journal, you shall hear in the evening in all society. It has ears everywhere, and its information is earliest, completest and surest. It has risen, year by year, and victory by victory, to its present authority. I asked one of its contributors, whether it had once been abler than it is now? "Never," he said; "these are its palmiest days." It has shown those qualities which are dear to Englishmen, unflinching adherence to its objects, prodigal intellectual ability, and a towering assurance, backed by the perfect organization in its printing house, and its world-wide net-work of correspondence and reports. It has its own history and famous trophies. In 1820, it adopted the cause of Queen Caroline, and carried it against the King. It adopted a poor law system, and almost alone lifted it through. When Lord Brougham was in power, it decided against him, and pulled him down. It declared war against Ireland, and conquered it. It adopted the League against the Corn Laws, and, when Cobden began to despair, it announced his triumph. It denounced and discredited the French Republic of 1848, and checked every sympathy with it in England, until it had enrolled 200,000 special constables to watch the Chartists, and make them ridiculous on the 10th April. It first denounced, then adopted the new French Empire, and urged the French Alliance and its results. It has entered into each municipal, literary, and social question, almost with a controlling voice. It has done bold and seasonable service in exposing frauds which threatened the commercial community. Meantime, it attacks its rivals by perfecting its printing machinery, and will drive them out of circulation: for the only limit to the circulation of the *Times* is the impossibility of printing copies fast enough; since a daily paper can only be new and seasonable for a few hours. It will kill all but that paper which is diametrically in opposition; since many papers, first and last, have lived by their attacks on the leading journal.

The late Mr. Walter was printer of the *Times* and had gradually arranged the whole *materiel* of it in perfect system. It is told, that when he demanded a small share in the proprietary, and was refused, he said, "As you please, gentlemen; and you may take away the *Times* from this office when you will; I shall publish the 'New Times' next Monday morning." The proprietors, who had already complained that his charges for printing were excessive, found that they were in his power, and gave him whatever he wished.

I went one day with a good friend to the *Times* office, which was entered through a pretty garden yard in Printing-House Square. We walked with some circumspection, as if we were entering a powder-mill; but the door was opened by a mild old woman, and, by dint of some transmission of cards, we were at last conducted into the parlour of Mr. Morris, a very gentle person, with no hostile appearances. The statistics are now quite out of date, but I remember he told us that the daily printing was then 35,000 copies; that on the 1st March, 1848, the greatest number ever printed—54,000 were issued; that, since February, the daily circulation had increased 8,000 copies. The old press they were then using printed five or six thousand sheets per hour; the new machine, for which they were then building an engine, would print twelve thousand per hour. Our entertainer confided us to a courteous assistant to show us the establishment, in which, I think, they employed a hundred and twenty men. I remember, I saw the reporter's room, in which they redact their hasty stenographs, but the editor's room, and who is in it, I did not see, though I shared the curiosity of mankind respecting it.

The staff of the *Times* has always been made up of able men. Old Walter, Sterling, Bacon, Barnes, Alsiger, Horace Twiss, Jones Loyd, John Oxenford, Mr. Mosely, Mr. Bailey, have contributed to its renown in their special departments. But it has never wanted the first pens for occasional assistance. Its private information is inexplicable, and recalls the stories of Fouche's police, whose omniscience made it believed that the Empress Josephine must be in his pay. It has mercantile and political correspondents in every foreign city; and its expresses outrun the despatches of the government. One hears anecdotes of the rise of its servants, as of the functionaries of the India House. I was told of the dexterity of one of its reporters, who, finding himself, on one occasion, where the magistrates had strictly forbidden reporters, put his hands into his coat pocket, and, with the pencil in one hand, and tablet in the other, did his work.

The influence of this journal is a recognised power in Europe, and, of course, none is more conscious of it than its conductors. The tone of its articles has often been the occasion of comment from the official organs of the continental courts, and sometimes the ground of diplomatic complaint. What would the *Times* say? is a terror in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, in Copenhagen, and in Nepaul. Its consummate discretion and success exhibit the English skill of combination. The daily paper is the work of many hands, chiefly, it is said, of young men recently from the University, and perhaps reading law in the Chambers in London. Hence the academic elegance, and classic allusion, which adorn its columns. Hence, too, the heat and gallantry of its onset. But the steadiness of the aim suggests the belief that this fire is directed and fed by older engineers; as if persons of exact information, and with settled views of policy, supplied the writers with the basis of fact, and the object to be attained, and availed themselves of their younger energy and eloquence to plead the cause. Both the council and the executive departments gain by this division. Of two men of equal ability, the one who does not write, but keeps his eye on the course of public affairs, will have the higher judicial wisdom. But the parts are kept in concert; all the articles appear to proceed from a single will. The *Times* never disapproves of what itself has said, or cripples itself by apology for the absence of the editor, or the indiscretion of him who held the pen. It speaks out bluff and bold, and sticks to what it says. It draws from any number of learned and skilled contributors; but a more learned and skilful person supervises, corrects, and coordinates. Of this closet, the secret does not transpire. No writer is suffered to claim the authorship of that paper; everything good, from whatever quarter, comes out editorially; and thus, by making the paper everything, and those who write it nothing, the character and the awe of the journal gain.

The English like it for its complete information. A statement of fact in the *Times* is as reliable as a citation from Hansard. Then, they like its independence; they do not know, when they take it up, what their paper is going to say; but, above all, for the nationality and confidence of its tone. It thinks for them all; it is their understanding and day's ideal daguerreotyped. When I see them reading its columns, they seem to be becoming every moment more British. It has the national courage, not rash and petulent, but considerate and determined. No dignity or wealth is a shield from its assault. It attacks a duke as readily as a policeman, and with the most provoking airs of condescension. It makes rude work of the Board of Admiralty. The Bench of Bishops is still less safe. One bishop fares badly for his rapacity, and another for his bigotry, and a third for his courtliness. It addresses, occasionally, a hint to Majesty itself, and sometimes a hint which is taken. There is an air of freedom even in their advertising columns, which speaks well for England to a foreigner. On the days when I arrived in London, in 1847, I read among the daily announcements, one offering a reward of fifty pounds to any person who would put a nobleman, described by name and title, late a member of Parliament, into any county jail in England, he having been convicted of obtaining money under false pretences.

Was never such arrogancy as the tone of this paper. Every slip of Oxonian or Cantabrigian who writes his first leader, assumes that we subdued the earth before we sat down to write this particular *Times*. One would think the world was on its knees to the *Times* office for its daily breakfast. But this arrogance is calculated. Who would care for it if it "surmised," or "dared confess," or "ventured to predict," &c.? No; *it is so*, and so it shall be.

The morality and patriotism of the *Times* claims only to be representative, and by no means ideal. It gives the argument, not of the majority, but of the commanding class. Its editors know better than to defend Russia, or Austria, or English vested rights, on abstract grounds. But they give a voice to the class who, at the moment, take the lead; and they have an instinct for finding where the power now lies, which is eternally shifting its banks. Sympathising with, and speaking for, the class that rules the hour, yet, being apprized of every groundswell, every Chartist resolution, every Church squabble, every strike in the mills, they detect the first tremblings of change. They watch the hard and bitter struggles of the authors of each liberal movement, year by year—watching them only to taunt and obstruct them—until, at last, when they see that these have established their fact, that power is on the point of passing to them—they strike in, with the voice of a monarch, astonish those whom they succour, as much as those whom they desert, and make victory sure. Of course, the aspirants see that the *Times* is one of the goods of fortune, not to be won but by winning their cause.

*Punch* is equally an expression of English good sense, as the *London Times*. It is the comic version of the same sense. Many of its caricatures are equal to the best pamphlets, and will convey to the eye in an instant the popular view which was taken of each turn of public affairs. Its sketches are usually made by masterly hands, and sometimes with genius; the delight of every class, because uniformly guided by that taste which is tyrannical in England. It is a new trait of the nineteenth century, that the wit and humour of England, as in *Punch*, so in the humorists, Jerrold, Dickens, Thackeray, Hood, have taken the direction of humanity and freedom.

The *Times*, like every important institution, shows the way to a better. It is a living index of the colossal British power. Its existence honours the people who dare to print all they know, dare to know all the facts, and do not wish to be flattered by hiding the extent of the public disaster. There is always safety in valour. I wish I could add that this journal aspired to deserve the power it wields, by guidance of the public sentiment to the right. It is usually pretended, in Parliament and elsewhere, that the English press has a high tone—which it has not. It has an imperial tone, as of a powerful and independent nation. But as with other empires, its tone is prone to be official, and even officinal. The *Times* shares all the limitations of the governing classes, and wishes never to be in a minority. If only it dared to cleave to the right, to show the right to be the only expedient, and feed its batteries from the central heart of humanity, it might not have so many men of rank among its contributors, but genius would be its cordial and invincible ally; it might now and then bear the brunt of formidable combinations, but no journal is ruined by wise courage. It would be the natural leader of British reform; its profound function, that of being the voice of Europe, the defender of the exile and patriot against despots, would be more effectually discharged; it would have the authority which is claimed for that dream of good men not yet come to pass, an International Congress; and the last of its victories would be to give to England a new millennium of beneficent power.—*Emerson's English Traits.*

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For The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

### SEPTEMBER.

I wearied of the August sun—
  Its humid air—its skies of gloom—
And when at last its course was run
  I welcomed in a fairer moon.

A dreamy calm is on the skies,
  A balmy breath comes on the air,
A mystic silence round me lies
  Which bids me take no thought of care.

The willow branches floating round
  Enclose me in a temple rare—
The golden light comes softly down
  And sheds its glory everywhere.

I watch the branches swaying low—
  Which move—yet seem to dream of rest;
My heart beats wearily—with woe
  And pain, and care, and doubt oppress.

O willow! wrap me in thy green
  And wreathe around my heart thy spell
Of quiet rest—to-day I'll dream,
  To-morrow I may work as well.

Not always may the spirit strive
  With cares without and doubts within,
Kind nature seems at times to shrive
  The soul from all its grief and sin;

And like a weary child we rest—
  And gaze into the blue above,
Close nestled to our Mother's breast,
  O'er-shadowed by our Father's love.

T. E. D.

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## INSECT PESTS OF AUSTRALIA.

[A Correspondent of *Friends' Review* sends to that paper some extracts from Wm. Howitt's work on Australia, which will interest those who have not seen that valuable book, and comfort those who suppose insects to be peculiarly the pest of this country.]

The advice Howitt gives to those who, "not content with such things as they have," are troubled by golden visions of a far country, is "first to go and dig a coal pit, then work a month at a stone quarry, next sink a well in the wettest place he can find of at least fifty feet deep; and finally, clear out a space of sixteen feet square of a box twenty feet deep; and if after that he has still a fancy for the gold fields, let him come; understanding, however, that all the time, he lives on heavy unleavened bread, on tea without milk, and on mutton or beef without vegetables, and as tough as India rubber."

Then, as to the living accompaniments of a table at the diggings. "At your meals, in a moment myriads of flies come swooping down, cover the dish, and the meat on your plates, till they are one black moving mass; dash headlong into your tea, or whatever you are drinking, and fight you to the last moment for the last morsel. Every meal is a pitched and hard fought battle too. At every hour of the day from sunrise to sunset they assail with incessant and unconquerable avidity. Yesterday, when on the hills, I was wishing to take a closer view of the plants and stones. I put on my spectacles. Instantly dozens of black flies ensconced themselves behind the glasses, as many, in fact, as could crowd in, and they defied me to dislodge them. I was obliged to take off my glasses, and go on with my doom of bough-twirling."

"It is curious that Dampier in his voyage round the world in 1688 never mentions the annoyance of flies anywhere but in Australia, though he had been in the hottest regions of the West Indies, South America, and Indian Ocean, which shows that they are here an unexampled plague." Speaking of the natives he says, "Their eyelids are always half closed to keep the flies out of their eyes; they being so troublesome here that no fanning will keep them from coming to one's face, and without the assistance of both hands they will creep into one's nostrils and mouth if the lips are not shut very close. So that from their infancy being thus annoyed with these insects, they do never open their eyes as other people, and therefore they cannot see far unless they hold up their heads, as if they were looking at somewhat over them."

Meats are almost immediately covered by blow flies and corrupted.

"Ants are most numerous next to the flies. They cover the whole surface of the ground, of all colours and all sizes, and almost every variety of them sting keenly. Nor is it the ground only on which they swarm; there is not a log lying on the ground nor a tree standing in the forest, up and down which they are not creeping in myriads. Trains of them are constantly ascending to the topmost twigs of the loftiest gum tress' two hundred and fifty feet high, and other trains descending. They appear to be the main cause of the hollowness of the trees, as they pierce to the centre of the youngest ones and eat out and make their nests in the hearts. They eat the wood of the boughs, so that immense arms often fall off with a sudden snap, just as if they had been cut asunder by an axe. The other day we cut down a young stringy bark tree and split it to make some trestles, and the heart of it was all eaten out and occupied by ants. These insects, many of them an inch long, fiercely contest the ground with us when we are pitching our tent in any fresh place, and their sting is as severe as that of a wasp."

"When the flies leave after sunset, legions of musquitoes come piping, in their thin notes; these we could keep off, they are feeble compared to the flies, but have a great power of punctuation if allowed time."

"We watched the actions of the large inch and half long ants called bull-dogs, and are satisfied that they sting exactly as wasps and bees do. We laid a quantity of rice which was wet, to dry in the sun. A cloud of black flies settled on it; but very soon advanced a host of bull-dog ants. They pounced on the flies as tigers would on their prey, seized the flies with their mandibles and stung them with their tails. Their death was instant; and the ants marched off with them.

If the bull-dogs only killed the black fly, we should regard them as no trifling benefactors, but they are so vicious, and sting us so abominably on all occasions, that we wage ruthless war on them if they enter our tent; but as to killing them by cutting them to pieces, that is hopeless; cut them in two and the head will immediately seize the body and gripe it fiercely with its nippers and the tail will sting away at the head."

"Some of their nests are often six or eight feet across each way and as hard as rock itself."

"Other species form nests like globes, two feet in diameter, hard like gutta percha and as tough; these are found under the roots of trees when blown down. The white ants form conical nests of clay of three or four feet high, and the same in diameter at the base. These are baked by the sun to the hardness of bricks, and the entrances to them are so carefully concealed that they seem like a solid pile of clay.

"There are also centipedes, lizards and scorpions, and a red spider whose bite is said to be deadly."

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## USE AND POETRY.

Mankind in all ages have looked upon those few minerals, which they have called precious stones, gems, or jewels, with delight and wonder. Their origin has been ascribed to supernatural causes, and they have been invested with the most mysterious powers. They could render their wearer invisible; they could banish drunkenness (especially the amethyst), cure madness, and make certain the passionate love of those who were objects of affection. They could detect poison, and were its best antidotes—they could heal, indeed, all diseases. In darkness they shone with a light of their own, bright as that of the sun, but bright, nevertheless, with an unearthly splendour. By all nations they were accounted as things regal and sacred, to be employed in the adornment of great kings and queens, and dedicated to the service of God. And if their employment was not restricted to such purposes, they were at least kept apart from ordinary uses. The songs, and legends, and fairy tales of all peoples are full of references to them; and the poets never wearied of comparing them to the rainbow and the azure sky, to flowers, and to stars. Even in these utilitarian and technological days, how much poetry lurks under the word "gem." We call a precious stone a gem. The word signifies literally a "bud or flower," and most happily denotes those crystals which shoot up and bud forth from their stony beds with forms as graceful, though of a different type of symmetry, and with colours as varied and as gorgeous as those of flowers. The amethysts, and emeralds, and garnets, and topazes are the true flowers of the granite—not the insignificant lichens which the botanist alone counts as belonging to the granitic Flora. Well, then, could not technology spare those unfading flowers to the poet? Has any but a jeweller an interest in knowing how diamonds are cut with lead wheels by patient Dutchmen? or how ingenious Germans convert, by chemical processes, common pebbles into choice carnelians and onyxes, or how clever Brazilians change yellow into red topazes? Because, in these later days, there has arisen a Sir Humphrey Davy with a wonderful lamp, are we to forget Aladdin and his more wonderful lamp, and the trees he saw loaded thick with emeralds and rubies? or because the queen had to send a great army and take a mighty Indian fort before she could get her Koh-i-noor diamond, are we to lose sight of the simple way in which Sinbad's friends, the merchants, procured their sackfuls of the biggest gems from the Valley of Diamonds? Now, I am not about to tire you with an account of jeweller's work, which, in truth, we have no time to consider. Accepting the protest which we have heard against the flowers of the crystal world being regarded as mere substitutes for money, or useful because they can be converted into pretty studs and buttons, or clasps and brooches, and the heads of pins; and remembering that the same protest is made against every branch of industrial science, I wish to consider the two cardinal objections that are made to the modern zealous encouragement of utilitarian art as compared with the ancient mere sufferance of it. The one objection is, that our modern utilitarianism is stealing from us our imaginations; the other and more serious objection is, that it is killing our consciences.

It is contended, then, that in these days the spirit of utilitarianism has so possessed the minds of the people, that all interest is likely to be lost in imaginative art. The true object of technology, it is said, if you translate the word into plain English, is how to answer most sumptuously the questions—"What shall we eat?" and "What shall we drink?" and "Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" and the only fine arts it fosters are those which increase the sensual comforts, and gratify the vanity of that luxurious animal, man. The spirit, too, of its teaching is affirmed to be, that the money value of an object is the true criterion of its worth to the world. A diamond is worth much gold, and therefore to be esteemed. It is also a good thing for cutting glass with, and indispensable to window-makers, but it may be left to fantastic Orientals to call it a Mountain of Light. Now, it is not to be denied that there is in our day a disposition among ourselves and the other active nations of the world to encourage utilitarianism as the thing most deserving encouragement, and that, though this may not be done in the spirit of depreciating other things worthy of being fostered, these suffer by its exaltation. But who is to blame for this? Not the utilitarian, I think. It is assumed in the argument against him, that the world in former ages paid sufficient attention to utilitarianism, but that now it is paying too much. But this is begging the entire question in dispute; for when was the world too industrial, and when did the fine arts gain by men being idle and miserable. The utilitarian does no more than declare that bread for the hungry, water for the thirsty, clothing for the naked, and homes for the houseless can be furnished to all, if men will but wisely use their faculties, and conquer that physical world which was given them to conquer. If it be desirable, as assuredly it is, that after being fed, and clothed, and housed, they should cultivate their imaginations, let the poet and his brother artists look to that. Hungry, thirsty, ragged wretches are not the audiences who weep over Tennyson's "Maud," or crowd to hear Jenny Lind sing, or make pilgrimages to London to visit the picture galleries. To feed, to clothe, to house the needy, are surely not acts which involve any invasion of their imaginations. If the poet, and the painter, and the sculptor, and the musician, will go before, and go beside, and follow after the utilitarian, they will find him in no case an enemy, and in most cases a friend; and if they will not do their work, they should not complain that it is left undone.

In reality, the question whether utilitarianism shall or shall not prevail against non-utilitarian fine art, depends upon a matter beyond human control, namely, whether there shall be more great artists or great utilitarians given to the world within a particular epoch. Let a Shakspeare be born, and he will make his nation imaginative, and keep it so for centuries after his death. Let a Bacon be born, and he will make his nation utilitarian, and keep it so for centuries after his death. Let both adorn the same epoch, and that epoch will reflect the spirit of both, as the last two hundred years have done. And so long as a * * * * Bacon, a Milton and a Newton, a James Watt and a Walter Scott, a Davy, * * * * * * a Sir J. Herschel and a Thomas Campbell, a Faraday and a Tennyson, are given us together, the world will find no difficulty in being at the same time utilitarian and poetical. If it shall ever please Providence to send us no poets, then we must grow unpoetical, and the faster the better. And if it shall ever please Providence to send us no utilitarians, then we must at least grow non-utilitarians, though perhaps not become more poetical, only this time the slower the better. Let no one, then, quarrel with utilitarianism for being utilitarian. You might as well quarrel with a ball for being round. If poetry threatens to suffer, let the poets defend it from wrong.

There is one respect, however, in which I think too great a devotion to utilitarianism is doing wrong. An endeavour is being made to indoctrinate children with what is called useful knowledge, to the exclusion of fairy tales and other so-called useless imaginative literature. I have no sympathy with this. It is wrong in principle, and wrong in policy. The childhood of an infant, like the childhood of a nation, is a time when the imagination is the great inlet to knowledge, and it should be allowed to remain so. The poet is entitled to the childhood of every man and woman. The utilitarian may touch the finger-tips of the youth, and often may entirely clasp the entire hand of the man; but the child is as useless to him as his knowledge is useless to the child. I count it, for example, an unwise and even a cruel thing to tell a wondering child that a diamond is not a fairy marvel, but only so much black soot or charcoal. The fact has no interest for a child. It is, indeed, beyond its comprehension, and to the small extent that it is apprehended it can only occasion perplexity. Tell a child, if it must be spoken to on the matter, that a diamond is so much sunlight condensed and crystalized, and you may enlarge its conception of that exquisite gem without misleading it. For, in a sense which the greatest philosophers would acknowledge to be a just one, a diamond is so much imprisoned sunlight; and if you burn the diamond you can set the light free again. On such a conception a child's mind can lay hold, and grasp it as it grows older better and better, till by and by it learns to qualify it by the added idea of a ponderable solid embodying the imponderable light, and so gives wings to the chrysalis thought. I am not objecting to teaching children utilitarian facts, but to teaching such facts so as to cripple the imagination and morbidly develope or distract the intellect. A dwarfed and chilled imagination will help no one to study or to work. The boy who is greatly interested in "Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp" is sure, by and by, to be greatly interested in all the wonderful safety lamps, electric lamps, and self-lighting lamps of Davy and his successors; and I have noticed that all my school-fellows who have since distinguished themselves as men of thought or action, were great story-readers in their early days.

I wash my hands free, as Professor of Technology of any approval of the so-called intellectual style of teaching. I have listened on occasions, by request, to the uttered wisdom of little girls, who told me that the specific gravity of gold was 195; that the proper name of salt was chloride of sodium, animal kingdom is divided into Mammalia, Aves, Reptilia, and the Pisces—all which I heard with suppressed groans. The knowledge was good of its kind, but did the child no good. It was furnished as mental fuel, and had been shovelled into the child's head with intent that it should take fire, and warm and light up its whole being; and it would have done so, had it been laid on the hearth of its imagination, where a fire is ever burning; but instead thereof, it had been cast into the unlighted furnace of the intellect, which it had only choked. So far is it from being the intention of scientific utilitarianism, or technology to encourage such a style of teaching, to rob children of their imaginations and distract their intellects, that one of its great aims—an aim with which personally I sympathize deeply—is by lessening the toil and trouble which the great majority of mankind are compelled to spend, even from their earliest years in gaining their bread, to give them leisure and opportunity to feed their imaginations and cultivate their intellects as God intended they should do. Let no poet or painter, then, or artist of any other kind, or friend or lover of these or of the arts, think unkindly of utilitarian technology. It can do no harm, if they are true to themselves, and it will be their fault if it do not render them service.—*Professor Wilson's Lectures, Edinburgh.*

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From The Evening Post.

### A WALK BY BUNKER HILL.

I walked abroad in a stilly night,
There was ne'er a star, or moon in sight—
A breeze from the south came rushing by
  As the South wind will.

My thoughts were filled with the patriot dead,
And musing and slowly my steps I led
To where the monument stands so high,
  Upon Bunker Hill.

Oh, where, said I, do the patriots sleep?
And where does freedom her vigils keep?
And then I heard (if not may I die),
  Quite audibly "here."

How solemn to hear dead heroes sigh!
I staid, for I saw the keeper nigh.
He stared for a moment, and then he said,
  "That's a little too good."

"You thought it was Liberty's buried braves—
When it was Toombs a calling his slaves,
Here in the Monument's solemn shade,
  As he said he would."

"'Twas Benj. F. Hallet that answered so loud,
And Colonel Peaslee and all that crowd,
And the solemn 'here' that last went by,
  That was Rufus Choate."

"They are no relation to this here dust,
They are answering 'here' because they must,
The only freedom for which they sigh,
  Is to turn their coat."

C.

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## THE SCRIBES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

In most monasteries there were two kinds of Scriptoria, or writing offices; for in addition to the large and general apartment used for the transcription of church books and manuscripts for the library, there were also several smaller ones occupied by the superiors and the more learned members of the community, as closets for private devotion and study. Thus we read, that in the Cistercian orders there were places set apart for the transcription of books called Scriptoria, or cells assigned to the scribes, "separate from each other," where the books might be transcribed in the strictest silence, according to the holy rules of their founders. These little cells were usually situated in the most retired part of the monastery, and were probably incapable of accommodating more than one or two persons; dull and comfortless places no doubt, yet they were deemed great luxuries, and the use of them only granted to such as became distinguished for their piety or erudition. We read that when David went to the Isle of Wight, to Paulinus, to receive his education, he used to sup in the Refectory, but had a Scriptorium, or study, in his cell, being a famous scribe. The aged monks, who often lived in these little offices, separate from the rest of the scribes, were not expected to work so arduously as the rest. Their employment was comparatively easy; nor were they compelled to work so long as those in the cloister. There is a curious passage in Tangmar's Life of St. Bernard, which would lead us to suspect that private individuals possessed Scriptoria; for, says he, there are Scriptoria not only in the monasteries but in other places, in which are conceived books equal to the divine works of the philosophers. The Scriptorium of the monastery in which the general business of a literary nature was transacted, was an apartment far more extensive and commodious, fitted up with forms and desks methodically arranged, so as to contain conveniently a great number of copyists. In some of the monasteries and cathedrals, they had long ranges of seats one after another, at which were seated the scribes, one well versed in the subject on which the book treated, recited from the copy whilst they wrote; so that, on a word being given out by him, it was copied by all. The multiplication of manuscripts, under such a system as this, must have been immense; but they did not always make books, *fecit libros*, as they called it, in this wholesome manner, but each monk diligently laboured at the transcription of a separate work.

The amount of labour carried on in the Scriptorium, of course, in many cases depended upon the revenues of the abbey, and the disposition of the abbot; but this was not always the case, as in some monasteries they undertook the transcription of books as a matter of commerce, and added broad lands to their house by the industry of their pens. But the Scriptorium was frequently supported by resources solely applicable to its use. Laymen, who had a taste for literature, or who entertained an esteem for it in others, often, at their death, bequeathed estates for the support of the monastic Scriptoria. Robert, one of the Norman leaders, gave two parts of the tythes of Hatfield, and the tythes of Redburn, for the support of the Scriptorium of St. Alban's. The one belonging to the monastery of St. Edmundsbury was endowed with two mills, and in the church of Ely there is a charter of Bishop Nigellus, granting to the Scriptorium of the monastery the tythes of Wythessey and Impitor, two parts of the tythes of the Lordship of Pampesward, with 2s. 2d., and a messuage in Ely, *ad faciendos et emandandos libros*.

The abbot superintended the management of the Scriptorium, and decided upon the hours for their labour, during which time they were ordered to work with unremitting diligence, "not leaving to go and wander in idleness," but to attend solely to the business of transcribing. To prevent detraction or interruption, no one was allowed to enter except the abbot, the prior, the sub-prior, and the armarian; as the latter took charge of all the materials and implements used by the transcribers, it was his duty to prepare and give them out when required; he made the ink, and cut the parchment ready for use. He was strictly enjoined, however, to exercise the greatest economy in supplying these materials, and not to give more copies "*nec artavos, nec cultellos, nec scarpellæ, nec membranes*," than was actually necessary, or than he had computed as sufficient for the work; and what the armarian gave them the monks were to receive without contradiction or contention.

The utmost silence prevailed in the Scriptorium, rules were framed, and written admonitions hung on the walls, to enforce the greatest care and diligence in copying exactly from the originals. In Alcuin's works, we find one of these preserved; it is a piece inscribed, "*Ad Musæum libros scribentium*."

Other means were resorted to besides these to preserve the text of their books immaculate; it was a common practice for the scribe, at the end of his copy, to adjure all who transcribed from it to use the greatest care, and to refrain from the least alteration of word or sense. Authors more especially followed this course; thus at the end of some we find such injunctions as this:

"I adjure you who shall transcribe this book, by our Lord Jesus Christ and by His glorious coming, who will come to judge the quick and the dead, that you compare what you transcribe, and diligently correct it by the copy from which you transcribe it—this abjuration also—and insert it in your copy."

The Consuetudines Canonicorum, before referred to, also particularly impressed this upon the monks, and directed that all the brothers who were engaged as scribes, were not to alter any writing, although in their own mind they might think it proper, without first receiving the sanction of the abbot, "*on no account were they to commit so great a presumption.*" But notwithstanding that the scribes were thus enjoined to use the utmost care in copying books, doubtless an occasional error crept in, which many causes might have produced, such as bad light, haste, a little drowsiness, imperfect sight, or even a flickering lamp, was sufficient to produce some trivial error; but in works of importance the smallest error is of consequence, as some future scribe, puzzled by the blunder, might, in an attempt to correct, still more augment the imperfection; to guard against this, with respect to the Scriptures, the most critical care was enforced. Monks advanced in age were alone allowed to transcribe them, and after their completion they were read, revised, and re-read again, and it is by that means that so uniform a reading has been preserved; and although slight differences may here and there occur, there are no books which have traversed through the shadows of the dark ages that preserve their original text so pure and uncorrupt as the copies of the Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, and the ancient writings of the classic authors; sometimes, it is true, a manuscript of the last order is discovered possessing a very different reading in some particular passage; but these appear rather as futile emendations or interpolations of the scribe than as the result of a downright blunder, and are easily perceivable; for when the monkish churchmen tampered with ancient copies, it generally originated in a desire to smooth over the indecencies of the heathen authors, and so render them less liable to corrupt the holy contemplations of the devotee; and while we blame the pious fraud, we cannot but respect the motive that dictated it.

But as regards the Scriptures, we talk of the carelessness of the monks and the interpolations of the scribes as if these were faults peculiar to the monastic ages alone; alas! the history of Biblical transmission tells us differently, the gross perversions, omissions and errors wrought in the holy text proclaim how prevalent these same faults have been in the ages of *printed literature*, and which appear more palpable by being produced amid deep scholars, and surrounded with all the critical acumen of a learned age. Five or six thousand of these cross blunders, or these wilful mutilations, protest the unpleasant fact, and show how much of human grossness it has acquired, and how besmeared with corruption those sacred pages have become in passing through the hands of man, and the "revisings" of sectarian minds. I am tempted to illustrate this by an anecdote related by Sir Nicholas L'Estrange of Hunstanton, and preserved in a MS. in the Harleian collection: "Dr. Usher, Bish. of Armath, being to preach at Paules Crosse and passing hastily by one of the stationers, called for a Bible, and had a little one of the London edition given him out, but when he came to looke for his text, that very verse was omitted in the print: which gave the first occasion of complaint to the king of the insufferable negligence, and insufficience of the London printers and presse, and bredde that great contest that followed, betwixt the univers. of Cambridge and London stationers, about printing of the Bibles." Gross and numerous indeed were the errors of the corrupt bible text of that age, and far exceeding even the blunders of monkish pens, and certainly much less excusable, for in those times they seldom had a large collection of codices to compare, so that by studying their various readings, they could arrive at a more certain and authentic version. The paucity of the sacred volume, if it rendered their pens more liable to err, served to enforce upon them the necessity of still greater scrutiny. On looking over a monastic catalogue, the first volume that I search for is the Bible; and I feel far more disappointment if I find it not there, than I do at the absence of Horace or Ovid—there is something so desolate in the idea of a Christian priest without the Book of Life—of a minister of God without the fountain of truth—that however favourably we may be prone to regard them, a thought will arise that the absence of this sacred book may perhaps be referred to the indolence of the monkish pen, or to the laxity of priestly piety. But such I am glad to say was not often the case; the Bible, it is true, was an expensive book, but can scarcely be regarded as a rare one; the monastery was indeed poor that had it not, and when once obtained the monks took care to speedily transcribe it. Sometimes they only possessed detached portions, but when this was the case, they generally borrowed of some neighbouring and more fortunate monastery the missing parts to transcribe, and so complete their own copies. But all this did not make the Bible less loved among them, or less anxiously and ardently studied; they devoted their days, and the long hours of the night, to the perusal of those pages of inspired truth, and it is a calumny without the shadow of foundation to declare that the monks were careless of Scripture reading; it is true they did not apply that vigour of thought, and unrestrained reflection upon it, which marks the labours of the more modern student, nor did they often venture to interpret the hidden meaning of the holy mysteries by the powers of their own mind, but were guided in this important matter by the works of the fathers. But hence arose a circumstance which gave full exercise to their mental powers, and compelled the monk, in spite of his timidity, to think a little for himself. Unfortunately the fathers, venerable and venerated as they were, after all, were but men, with many of the frailties and all the fallibilities of poor human nature; the Pope might canonize them, and the priesthood bow submissively to their spiritual guidance, still they remained, for all that, but mortals of dust and clay, and their bulky tomes yet retain the swarthiness of the tomb about them, the withering impress of humanity. Such being the case, we, who do not regard them quite so infallible, feel no surprise at a circumstance which sorely perplexed the monks of old, they unchained and unclasped their cumbrous "Works of the Fathers," and pored over those massy expositions with increasing wonder; surrounded by these holy guides, these fathers of infallibility, they were like strangers in a foreign land; did they follow this holy saint they seemed about to forsake the spiritual direction of one having equal claims to their obedience and respect; alas! for poor old weak tradition, those fabrications of man's faulty reason were found, with all their orthodoxy, to clash wofully in Scriptural interpretation. Here was a dilemma for the monkish student! whose vow of obedience to patristical guidance was thus sorely perplexed; he read and re-read, analyzed passage after passage, interpreted word after word; and yet, poor man, his laborious study was fruitless and unprofitable! What Bible student can refrain from sympathizing with him amidst these torturing doubts and this crowd of contradiction; but after all we cannot regret this, for we owe to it more than my feeble pen can write, so immeasurable have been the fruits of this little unheeded circumstance. It gave birth to many a bright, independent declaration, involving pure lines of Scripture interpretation, which appear in the darkness of those times like fixed stars before us; to this, in Saxon days, we are indebted for the labour of Ælfric and his anti-Roman doctrines, whose soul also sympathized with a later age by translating portions of the Bible into the vulgar tongue, thus making it accessible to all classes of the people. To this we are indebted for all the good that resulted from those various heterodoxies and heresies which sometimes disturbed the Church during the dark ages, but which wrought much ultimate good, by compelling the thoughts of men to dwell on these important matters. Indeed, to the instability of the fathers, as a sure guide, we may trace the origin of all those efforts of the human mind which cleared the way for the Reformation, and relieved man from the shackles of these spiritual guides of the monks.

But there were many cloistered Christians who studied the Bible undisturbed by these shadows and doubts, and who, heedless of patristical lore and saintly wisdom, devoured the spiritual food in its pure and uncontaminating simplicity—such students, humble, patient, devoted, will be found crowding the monastic annals, and yielding good evidence of the same by the holy tenor of their sinless lives, their Christian charity and love.

But while so many obtained the good title of an "*Amator Scripturarum*," as the Bible student was called in those monkish days, I do not pretend to say that the Bible was a common book among them, or that every monk possessed one—far different indeed was the case; a copy of the Old and New Testament often supplied the wants of an entire monastery, and in others, as I have said before, only some detached portions were to be found in their libraries. Sometimes they were more plentiful, and the monastery could boast of two or three copies, besides a few separate portions; and occasionally I have met with instances where, besides several *Biblia Optima*, they enjoyed Hebrew codices and translations, with numerous copies of the Gospels. We must not forget, however, that the transcription of a Bible was a work of time, and required the outlay of much industry and wealth. "Brother Tedyngton," a monk of Ely, commenced a Bible in 1396, and was several years before he completed it. The magnitude of the undertaking can scarcely be imagined by those unpractised in the art of copying; but when the monk saw the long labour of his pen before him and looked upon the well-bound, strong-clasped volumes, with their clean vellum folios and fine illuminations, he seemed well repaid for his years of toil and tedious labour, and felt a glow of pious pleasure as he contemplated his happy acquisition, and the comfort and solace which he should hereafter derive from its holy pages. We are not surprised, then, that a Bible in those days should be esteemed so valuable and capable of realizing a considerable sum. The monk, independent of its spiritual value, regarded it as a great possession, worthy of being bestowed at his death, with all the solemnity of a testamentary process, and of being gratefully acknowledged by the fervent prayers of the monkish brethren. Kings and nobles offered it as an appropriate and generous gift, and bishops were deemed benefactors to their church by adding it to the library. On its covers were written earnest exhortations to the Bible student, admonishing the greatest care in its use, and levelling anathemas and excommunications upon any who should dare to purloin it. For its greater security, it was frequently chained to a reading desk, and if a duplicate copy was lent to a neighbouring monastery, they required a large deposit, or a formal bond, for its safe return. These facts, while they show its value, also prove how highly it was esteemed among them, and how much the monks loved the Book of Life.—*From "Bibliomania in the Middle Ages."*

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Attempt to Print a Perfect Book.—"Whether such a miracle as an immaculate edition of a classical author does exist," says one, "I have never learnt; but an attempt has been made to obtain this glorious singularity, and was as nearly realized as is perhaps possible—the magnificent edition of *Os Lusiadas* of Camoens by Don Joze Souza, in 1817. This amateur spared no prodigality of cost and labour, and flattered himself that, by the assistance of Didot, not a single typographical error should be found in that splendid volume.

"But an error was afterwards discovered in some of the copies, occasioned by one of the letters in the word *Lusitano* having got misplaced during the working of one of the sheets. It must be confessed that this was an accident or misfortune, rather than an erratum!"

The celebrated Foulises, of Glasgow, attempted to publish a work which should be a perfect specimen of typographical accuracy. Every precaution was taken to secure the desired result. Six experienced proof-readers were employed, who devoted hours to the reading of each page; and after it was thought to be perfect, it was posted up in the hall of the university, with a notification that a reward of fifty pounds would be paid to any person who could discover an error. Each page was suffered to remain two weeks in the place where it had been posted, before the work was printed, and the printers thought that they had attained the object for which they had been striving. When the work was issued, it was discovered that several errors had been committed, one of which was in the first line of the first page. The Foulis's editions of classical works are still much prized by scholars and collectors.—*Idem.*

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The Image of the Sea.—The sea up to that time had been generally regarded by painters as a liquidly composed level-seeking consistent thing, with a smooth surface, rising to a watermark on sides of ships, in which ships were to be scientifically imbedded and wetted up to said watermark, and to remain dry above the same. But Turner found during his southern coast tour that the sea was not this; that it was, on the contrary, a very incalculable and unhorizontal thing, setting its "watermark" sometimes on the highest heavens, as well as on sides of ships: very breakable into pieces; half of a wave separable from the other half, and on the instant carriageable miles inland; not in anywise limiting itself to a state of apparent liquidity, but now striking like a steel gauntlet, and now becoming a cloud, and vanishing, no eye could tell whither; one moment a flint cave, the next a marble pillar, the next a mere white fleece thickening the thundery rain. He never forgot those facts; never afterwards was able to recover the idea of positive distinction between sea and sky, or sea and land. Steel gauntlet, black rock, white cloud, and men and masts gnashed to pieces and disappearing in a few breaths and splinters among them! a little blood on the rock angle, like red sea-weed, sponged away by the next splash of the foam, and the glittering granite and green water all pure again in vacant wrath. So stayed by him, for ever, the image of the sea.—*Ruskin's Harbours of England.*

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CAPITAL and accumulation of PREMIUMS to meet losses,
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*References in New York:* Rev. S. H. Tyng, D.D.; A. Oakey Hall, District-Attorney of New York City; R. Warren Weston (Goodhue & Co.); Wm. W. Stone (Lawrence, Stone & Co.); William G. Lambert (A. and A. Lawrence & Co.); B. J. Howland; Rev. G. L. Prentiss; Henry L. Pierson; D. Randolph Martin, President Ocean Bank; Wm. L. King (Naylor & Co.); Rev. S. S. Cutting; Ellery & Gibbons; Freeman Hunt (Hunt's Magazine); Samuel B. Ruggles; and Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., of Brooklyn.
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1y 110 Broadway, New York.

## Philadelphia Advertisements.

ELIZA L. S. THOMAS, M.D.,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN,
No. 119 North Seventh street, between Wood and Callowhill, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE.—Respectable persons can be accommodated with genteel transient or permanent boarding by applying to the subscriber, No. 374 South street, below Ninth, Philadelphia.
WM. STILL.

THEODORE PARKER'S WORKS.—Just received and for sale at Anti-Slavery Office, Philadelphia—
PARKER'S ADDITIONAL SPEECHES. 2 vols.
PARKER'S DISCOURSE OF RELIGION. 1 vol.
Also, Portraits, large and elegant, of Parker, Phillips, Sumner and William Lloyd Garrison.

FRANKLIN WOOD, 104 South Fourth street, below Walnut, Philadelphia.
CONVEYANCING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Real Estate bought and sold. Money procured or invested on Mortgage. First-class Ground Rents bought and sold on commission. Houses rented, Rents collected, &c. &c.
N. B. Marriage Certificates, Friends' ceremony drawn, neatly and correctly.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.—The subscriber informs the public that he has opened his new Carriage Repository, No. 156 Race street, below Fifth, where he intends to keep an assortment of new and second hand Carriages for sale or exchange, or to hire. Carriages made to order on moderate terms. Carriages sold on commission. Carriages neatly repaired. GEO. DODD, Philadelphia.

CHARLES C. JACKSON, Tailor, 201 Arch street, below Sixth street, Philadelphia, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public to his establishment, where a constant assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the best quality, will be kept ready to make up to order in the best manner and on the most accommodating terms.

SUMMER DRY GOODS.—Dress Goods at reduced prices, to close them: Bareges; Fancy Silks; Chintzes; Tissues, Men's and Boys' Linen Goods; Vestings and Coatings; Irish Linens; Quilts; Curtain materials; Embroidered Muslins; Black Mantilla Silks; best makes of Cotton Shirtings and Sheetings; Grass Cloth, wide and narrow, clean and stiff, for skirts.
SHARPLESS BROTHERS, 32 South Second street.

NEW TRIMMING STORE, No. 111 Spring Garden st., above Eighth.—The undersigned wish to inform the public in general, and their anti-slavery friends in particular, that they have opened at the above place and will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of Staple and Fancy Dress Trimmings; Zephyr, Hosiery, Gloves, Combs, Brushes, Perfumery, &c., which they offer at moderate prices for cash.
E. CLENDENON, | R. WILSON.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby-Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer,
130 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET.—Fowlers, Wells & Co., Phrenologists and Publishers, 231 Arch street, below Seventh, Philadelphia, furnish all works on Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Magnetism and Phonography, wholesale and retail, at New York prices.
Professional examinations, with charts, and full written descriptions of character, day and evening. Cabinet free.

CONFECTIONERY.—Leatitia Bullock, No. 89 N. Sixth street, Phila., respectfully informs her friends and the public that she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams, Water Ices, Jellies, Cakes Candies, &c., of every description and of the very best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.
☞Parties and families furnished at short notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

PHRENOLOGY.—Removal.—William B. Elliott's Institute and Museum is now at the spacious (Simes) building 359 Chestnut street, above 12th, Philadelphia. He has, in addition to Phrenological Books and Busts, Stationery for sale. Open day and evening to visitors—free—and for useful written descriptions of the mind and talents. From the handwriting (natural) the same will be analyzed. Price $3.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lockpicks, Hobbs included.

ROBERT R. CORSON & CO., successors to Bacon, Price & Co., have taken the Office recently occupied by the latter, at No. 53 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, and are now prepared to deliver Lehigh, Schuylkill and Locust Mountain COAL of the best quality. Their knowledge of the Coal business, acquired by a residence of both members of the firm in Schuylkill County, and the connection of one of them with B., P. & Co., in their wholesale business, for two years, warrants them in saying that they can buy and sell on better terms than those of the trade who are not conversant with all the details of the business.
Orders respectfully solicited. ROBERT L. CORSON,
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Office, 53 South Fourth street, and Broad above Spruce street, Philadelphia.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business. Every one his own Salesman.
JONES & Co., of the Cresent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philadelphia made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all *must* buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.
Remember the Crescent, in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Phila.
JONES & CO.

TO COUNTRY STOREKEEPERS.—The subscriber has on hand, of his own manufacture, a large assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Leather, Kid and Morocco BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS, of the best workmanship and materials, which he will sell at as low wholesale prices as any person in the City. Buyers can get any sizes to make up assortments without having to purchase the smaller or more unsaleable sizes. WM. C. PARKER,
No. 91 North Sixth street, below Race, Philadelphia.
N. B. Gaiter Uppers, ready for the last, sold to Country Shoemakers at low prices. Also, Gum Shoes.

FAMILY FLOUR STORE, No. 35 North Fifth street, near Arch, Philadelphia. From this central establishment families may procure the finest qualities of Flour to be had in the market, as care is taken to keep a constant supply of the most desirable brands. Also, Rye, Buckwheat, Indian, Oat and unbolted Wheat Meal, fresh from the mill, delivered by an obliging porter, anywhere in the city and adjoining districts, or on board the different transportation lines leaving the city. CALEB CLOTHIER
N. B. An assortment of choice Family Hams, both Jersey and Western.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 52 N. Fourth street (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail Stationery, Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices, English, French and American Cap, Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy Wafers of every description, very superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Sand Boxes, Wafer Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Drawing Pencils and Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Tissue Paper, &c. Visiting and Wedding Card engraved or written to order. Portmonnaies, Pocket Books, Portfolios, Card Cases, Bankers' Cases, Diaries, &c. All kinds of Blank Books, Drafts, Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Rodgers', Wolstenholm's and other Cutlery. Good self-sealing Envelopes, 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per thousand.
J. W. CLOTHIER & CO., Fourth st., below Arch, Phila.

PORTABLE DESK and DRESSING CASE Manufactory.—To ladies and gentlemen about to travel, the subscriber would respectfully call their attention to articles he manufactures, many of which are made expressly for travelling purposes, great care and study having been expended to render each article truly a multum in parvo; also, his well-selected stock of imported and domestic Perfumery, of the best descriptions; Brushes of all kinds, of English and American manufacture; Combs and Razors, Penknives, Scissors, and every instrument necessary for the toilet, of the most approved makers; an assortment always on hand of Desks, Dressing Cases, Ladies' Reticules, Work Cases, Portfolios, Pocket Books, Portmonnaies, Money Belts, and a general assortment of useful Fancy articles. WM. T. FRY, Manufacturer,
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